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TRANSIT
ABROAD

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James M. M.

RAPID TRANSIT ABROAD.

Horace Haven.

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

RAPID TRANSIT ABROAD.

"What ho, my jovial mates! Come on, we'll frolic it,
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine."



New York:
JAMES MILLER, PUBLISHER,
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1879.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS little book is intended for those who, having but a short time to be absent from home, desire to improve that time to the best advantage in sight-seeing through the old world. It has been the endeavor of the author to show how many places can be visited, and how many marvels of art and nature admired, and how much delight can be experienced by one not satiated by travel, during a summer vacation of three months.

RAPID TRANSIT ABROAD.

“ Too much rest is rust,
There's ever cheer in changing ;
We tyne by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging.”
—OLD SONG.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1878.

I HAD made up my mind to spend my summer holiday on the coast of Maine, with my favorite aunt, Margaret Winthrop, where I knew a warm welcome had been awaiting me many months ; so one bright sunny morning I found myself whirling along the New York and Boston railroad, regretfully leaving my dear ones behind me, and at the same time anticipating with pleasure my arrival at Wells Beach, where the old homestead was situated in which my uncle and aunt had lived since their marriage. As they had no children, my annual visit (which had been my habit for many years), was the signal for a season of enjoyment.

After a night's rest in Boston I proceeded, the following noon, on my journey, and at Portsmouth was joined by my uncle, who not being able to control his impatience had come that far on the route to meet me. How much we had to say, and how rapidly the time passed, so that long before we expected it we found ourselves at the station, and Jerry on the platform looking in every direction for us. We were not long getting into the carry-all, that had conveyed me back and forth so many times, and after a pleasant drive along the beach we reached "Hillcrest," the name of the dear old place, and well named, for it is perched on the summit of a bold bluff.

Although auntie was half-way down the walk with her arms outstretched ready to embrace me, I had to stop and take one look at the lovely scene before me. The day was perfect, the atmosphere soft and balmy, not the slightest chill in the air, 'though near sunset, and not a cloud to be seen in the heavenly blue above. On the top of the hill stands the home, an old-fashioned farmhouse, and at the foot of the steep bank before it the great sea rolls in, breaking its waves upon the rocks below.

"Well," says auntie, "you will have plenty of

time to look at the ocean, and *I* would like to have a look at yourself ; besides, tea is waiting, and I know you must be hungry after your long ride !” So we walked up to the house, three abreast, chatting merrily, and after receiving the welcome of good old Tabitha, the housemaid, at the door, tea is announced, and will I ever forget that supper ? Such muffins ! Well, nobody *could* ever go ahead of Tabby making muffins. Then we had broiled fish, browned to a turn, delicious sweetmeats, and cake as light as air, and a cup of coffee the gods would not criticise. There is a great charm in suppers one gets in the country to New Yorkers who are doomed to eating late dinners, anywhere from six till nine o’clock at night.

After this most enjoyable repast we retire to the library, where I will introduce you to this darling auntie, who sits opposite me, placidly waiting for uncle to divest himself of his coat and boots, and don his dressing-gown and slippers, when they will listen to an account of myself since the summer before.

She is a dear little lady, not quite medium size, plump and round, and makes you think that life has been very peaceful to her, for there is scarcely a

wrinkle on her fair face, although she has passed her sixtieth year. Her eyes are so soft and brown, you will fall in love with her at once. Her hair is quite white, and she dresses it in a style peculiarly her own, which is charming on her but would not be so on any one else. Her dress is black silk, in which she attires herself every day punctually at eleven o'clock, after dispatching her round of daily duties, and she is always ready for whoever comes. As a completion to this toilette, she fastens a fresh flower in her bosom. I remember I once asked her *why* she always wore a flower ; that to me she would not look herself without it ? She sweetly replied, " Youth needs no adornment." She is bright and sprightly, with a never-ending fund of interesting stories.

And there sits uncle Henry, the very picture of contentment, easy-going, and quietly disposed, giving to every man what he owes him, but not over-particular as to what is due to himself. He is perfectly satisfied with his wife and his home, and no couple could grow old more gracefully than they.

We have a most delightful evening, and are interrupted several times by calls from the neighbors, who all turn out to welcome me back. At eleven

o'clock I bid them "good-night," and seek my room, the window overlooking the sea, and fall asleep to the melody of the waters.

It seems to me that I never slept so well, or had such sweet dreams anywhere as in this little room at aunt Margaret's. There is a charm in waking in the morning and finding yourself in such a quaint spot, every article of furniture dating back from Miles Standish, and the draperies so white and spotless that give a freshness withal. Then to throw open your window and inhale the invigorating sea-air, every breath giving new life !

But this morning of all mornings I little knew what a surprise was in store for me. After breakfast we assembled, as was the custom at auntie's, in the sitting-room, the servants included, and uncle read a psalm and prayed for everybody. Then he wished me to take a walk, and as I was preparing to accompany him, I heard an unusual commotion outside the door, and found that a telegram had just arrived for me. I nervously loosened the wrapper (I *never* did like telegrams) and to my joyful surprise read : "Do you wish to go to Europe with a party of friends ? If so, return home immediately." Signed "Your Father." Such a

chance as this was not to be lost, and it did not take me many minutes to decide, and the wires flashed back, "Will go. Return to New York at once."

I was completely in the dark as to any of the arrangements, and the prospect quite took my breath away. As there was no time to be wasted, all lent a helping hand, and within an hour I was rigged and equipped to depart, and Jerry at the gate with the horses. My uncle and aunt, although grieved and disappointed that my visit should be so shortened, reasoned, with myself, that the opportunity was one not to be overlooked. I tenderly bade them good-by, and away we dashed at lightning speed to catch the train, which hardly gave me time to get on board, and I was off, and then had a chance to think.

It was, however, useless to speculate, and I felt very much, I suppose, like the princess in the fairy tale. The time passed 'swiftly and I indulged in pleasant fancies until I reached New York the following morning (Wednesday), and learned that the ship was to leave port Saturday, the 15th of June. We were in a great state of excitement till the eventful day arrived, and in the meantime I had enough to do to get ready.

I found that the party consisted of seven persons, three of whom were old acquaintances; among them my dear friend and cousin, Mrs. Louise Lawrence, the widow of one of our late gallant commanders in the navy, whose name sends a thrill of enthusiasm through every loyal heart for his noble patriotism and bravery.

The plan of the trip is this: We depart by the Anchor Line for Scotland, landing at Glasgow, from there through the Trosachs to Edinburgh, thence to Melrose and Abottsford, then on to London.

The Continental tour includes a small portion of Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. We are to return to London, taking the same route to Glasgow, and expect to be absent three months.

When I first heard the plan they had laid out for the journey I was not so well pleased, feeling that the trip would be too hurried to be enjoyable, but by no means ready to abandon it. Still it was not my idea of a foreign tour, for where there is so much to see one needs abundance of time.

Our tickets are purchased for the entire trip, including ocean and railway travel, hotels, and diligences. We are to be provided with a courier on

reaching Glasgow, and hereafter will be saved all trouble of looking after our baggage or ourselves.

“ My native land, good-night ! ”

SATURDAY, June 15.

The great day at last arrived, and was ushered in with her nightcap on, not a ray of sunlight to be seen, and the heavens as black as ink. Not a very auspicious send off, thought I. As we sat at breakfast the rain commenced to pour, and my heart correspondingly fell. Notwithstanding the gloomy outlook, we left the house in a jolly frame of mind, my family accompanying me to the pier, where we were soon joined by other members of the party, and many friends who came to wish us *bon voyage* and “ God-speed.” We had made up our minds, before leaving the house, that if any one had tears to shed it was better to have that part of the performance over with, then and there. Of course there is always sadness in leaving home on such a journey, when one contemplates the dangers of the sea and the uncertainty of life ; but we tried to reason philosophically, and feeling that it is only through the dear Father’s care we are protected,

whether on land or sea, we left our fears behind us, and thus sailed out of New York harbor.

It was refreshing and encouraging to look around us and see everybody apparently so merry and happy. I do not believe a more good-natured or amiable party of people ever left this port ; all determined from the outset to have a good time, and not to allow any thing, no matter how disagreeable, to annoy them. This would be an excellent plan to adopt for all time, if we had the common-sense to carry it out.

At eleven o'clock promptly the gang-plank was withdrawn, and as we gradually pushed away from the pier, the sun came out for a brief moment, the flags were raised, and, accompanied by two tugs, freighted with admirers of clergymen on board our ship, we steamed out into the bay. We remained on deck as long as our friends on the wharf were visible, and by this time we were forced to go below, as the clouds commenced to pour again.

We now look about us to form some idea of our new companions, and those with whom we are to dine and wine during the next ten days. They say, "first impressions are lasting." I, for one, have no faith in that adage, for the very ones I determined not to like were the ones to whom I became the most attached.

It is a great event in one's life to set out on such a tour—one they have perhaps looked forward to all their lives, hoping that they might some time realize the dream, yet hardly knowing how it would be brought about; then there is the anticipation of beholding the wonderful sights of the old world so far across the water.

Before proceeding farther I will here make you acquainted with my travelling companions. First comes our good Professor Burton, who has started out with the express intention of looking after us, and seeing that we are not imposed upon; but, alas! we have hardly passed Sandy Hook before he is obliged to abandon us to our fate, and seek his state-room with a countenance most expressive. Next in order follow the two friends, Misses Anna M'Kay and Mary Forsyth, whose unvarying kindness and amiability endeared them to us all. With Messrs. George Sherwood, R. J. Partridge, Cousin Lou, and myself, you have a complete list of "our party."

About one o'clock we rushed on deck for a few moments to bid farewell to the pilot, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and much cheering he left us.

We then began to feel that we were *really* out at sea, and returning to the saloon found dinner waiting, and by this time had appetites equal to the occasion. We enjoyed the novelty of our surroundings, but looked forward with dread to the time when we would not be able to appear at table ; and we noticed at night a decided diminution in the number of passengers at tea, and during the whole voyage many were unable to leave their state-rooms at any time. Our Professor was visible only a day before reaching land, he being the only one of our gay septette who succumbed to sea-sickness.

Our ship is a gallant one, new, elegantly appointed, and very large, commanded by the most experienced captain in the fleet. The first evening passed most delightfully, with music, conversation, and games, and at eleven o'clock we retired. The fog-horn sounded all night, and from this time until we passed the banks of Newfoundland not a ray of sunlight gladdened our sight.

The next day being Sunday the time passed quietly. Although we had seven ministers on board not one was able to conduct the religious services. The fog continued, and as the sailors say "there is a day of fog for every minister," the prospect was

not encouraging. The fifth day out the fog is so dense that we cannot see ten feet beyond the ship, and the atmosphere is much cooler.

To-morrow we expect to near mid-ocean, and are counting the days till we shall reach Scotland. The novelty having worn off, life at sea becomes somewhat monotonous; each day['] is but a repetition of the other. Still we are very happy and joyous. Every morning before nine o'clock our little band may be found occupying a sheltered spot on the port-side of the deck, where we remain all day, and such merry-making as goes on, with apparently no interruption; quite startles some of the more sedate passengers.

But at this point the scene changes, and we barely avoid a fearful calamity. Although the fog-horn is constantly sounding and the bells ringing, without any warning we run into a fishing smack, which is anchored, and manned by fifteen men, carrying off her bowsprit and sail, and otherwise damaging her.

I stood by the railing and saw the whole affair, and never will I forget the agonized expression of those men's faces! The boats of the ship were prepared to lower, and we turned back as speedily as possible to see what injury had been done. We

found the smack so badly damaged that it was thought best to take the men aboard our ship, convey them to Glasgow, and through the American consul there return them to the United States.

After bringing to the ship all they wished to save, the sailors fired their vessel, to prevent accident to any other craft, and returned to us. After half an hour's delay we were on our way again, and when the excitement had abated learned the following facts. They heard the approach of our vessel, but not in time to lift their anchor and get away from our path. The smack was the *Jennie L. Morton*, of Gloucester, Mass., ninety-two tons burden, and, after a most successful season, was ready to return home the following week. The terror of the men was occasioned by their fear of being left, and of our not coming back to their relief. I understand we have among our passengers a very humane and sympathizing individual, who was greatly annoyed because we did return, and was loud in his denunciation of the captain and officers for detaining us. The whole affair occupied an hour. I shall make it a point to keep track of that man. He has gained a reputation for at least the remainder of the trip that is not at all enviable.

I never saw a more thankful crew than these sailors, who seem to appreciate the danger they had been in and our rescue of them. We are told that very few steamers go back after such an encounter. It does not seem possible that any one could be so heartless ; but after the experience of to-day I find there is really no limit to the selfishness of some people. The following day a purse was made up for the unfortunate seamen, and in the evening we assembled on the upper deck, where the money was presented, with an appropriate speech, by one of the passengers, to which the captain of the smack gratefully responded.

There was little else to talk about for the next twenty-four hours, and to fill up the remainder of the time the usual mock trial was proposed and arranged. As we had some very talented lawyers among our number, it proved to be a most laughable and enjoyable affair.

At last the fog has disappeared, and it is clear and pleasant. One of the gentlemen, not wishing to lose any of the experiences of crossing the ocean, climbed the mast, and as it is a trick of the sailors when they catch a passenger in the rigging not to allow him to descend until he promises to satisfy

their demands. Mr. L. considered himself fortunate in escaping with a pledge to his health all around.

We had our first religious service to-night in the drawing-room, which was very impressive. To-morrow we expect to reach the coast of Ireland, and are longing for the time to arrive ; still we shall be loth to part with our new acquaintances, towards some of whom we feel already as if they had been life-long friends. We have experienced no rough weather, encountered no icebergs, and, notwithstanding the fog and accident, feel that the voyage has been propitious.

This is our last day at sea. The sailors are making every thing shine, and a general "house-cleaning" is going on, preparatory to reaching port.

The captain says we shall sight land at ten o'clock to-night, and all are eagerly awaiting the cry of "Land, ho !" Finally the hour arrives, and such a rush as is made to the starboard side, each with a field-glass struggling to get the first glimpse.

We sit up until midnight, and then retire until half-past two, when we are called to see the sun rise at three o'clock, whose morning beams fall on the Giant's Causeway. We are surprised on reaching deck to find ourselves so near the coast, which

appears to us not more than a quarter of a mile distant. The sunrise is the finest I ever witnessed. It seems a great pity, when we are so near, not to stop at the Causeway, but our voyage cannot be delayed.

Ireland is well named the Emerald Isle. Nowhere is the verdure so beautifully green.

“ As softly green,
As emerald seen,
Through purest crystal gleaming.”

SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND.

“O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.”

—SCOTT.

WEDNESDAY, June 26, 1878.

FROM this point on the interest never flags until you reach the Firth of Clyde. The scenery all along the Scottish coast is bewilderingly beautiful, and the sail up the river enchanting, passing Dumbarton Castle and many places of historic note. The ship is detained several times by running aground, as the tide is very low, reaching Glasgow at five o'clock P.M.

The usual amount of delay is encountered at the custom-house, and the first impressions of a foreign country, and the getting one's feet on dry land once more, are sensations that must be experienced to be appreciated.

While waiting outside for those of our party having their baggage examined, a number of women and children crowd around the carriage in which we are seated, looking at us in the most wondering manner. This irrepressible cousin Lou cannot resist the temptation for some sport, so asks a little girl who has clambered up the steps of the coach if she knows who we are and where we came from.

The child answers in a grave, old-fashioned manner, "Yes, you are from that great country America, far away across the sea."

Lou replies, "That is so, and you should go over there and see what a fine land it is. Did you know that money grows on bushes there, and all you have to do when you need it is to go out and fill your basket?"

The looks of astonishment that met our gaze after this development were amusing, and as the remainder of the party made their appearance, and we drove away, the shouts and huzzas for America which arose from that crowd were truly inspiring. In fact, I was *quite* startled myself by cousin Lou's revelation, and I shall examine into the truth of her statement after my return.

We are comfortably domiciled at the Cockburn

Hotel, called the American House of Scotland—a new one, and much like our hotels at home. After a most excellent dinner four of us take a carriage and drive around the city. As it is twilight in this country at this season, until ten o'clock at night, we have abundant time for a long ride.

We first go to the Necropolis, an ornamental cemetery on the hight near the cathedral. We are fortunate in being able to obtain admission, as we arrive only a few moments before time for closing the gates. We spend a short time here examining the column erected to the memory of John Knox, and a few monuments of lesser interest. From the summit of the hill there is a magnificent view of the city and surroundings.

The cathedral, built in the twelfth century, is considered the most interesting of the public buildings, having the finest crypt in existence. From here we go to St. George's Square, where there is a colossal statue of Sir Walter Scott ; also bronze statues of Sir John Moore, Lord Clyde, and Sir Robert Peel, and equestrian statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. In front of the Exchange there is a statue of the Duke of Wellington. The three latter are by Marochetti.

After a short drive in the beautiful West End Park, which includes the memorable "Kelvin Grove," we return to the hotel, where we hold a reception with our old shipmates who remain longer in the city.

"The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

THURSDAY, June 27.

After a refreshing night's rest we are called at half-past five, breakfast at six, and at seven take the train for Balloch, which is reached in an hour. This quiet little village lies on the borders of Loch Lomond, where we find the steamer awaiting us, and embark immediately for Inversnaid. I never dreamed the scenery I have heard and read so much about could be so beautiful ; and oh ! those glorious mountains ! On the way from Glasgow to Balloch we had another view of Dumbarton Castle from the opposite side.

Loch Lomond is the most charming of the Scottish lakes, with its lovely islands, and Ben Lomond towering in the distance. On reaching Inversnaid

we take diligence for a drive of five miles over the mountain, and at Stronachlachar pier alight and regale ourselves with crackers and cheese, over which we discuss the beauties of the ride. Here we gather some Scotch heather and wild flowers, as souvenirs of the trip.

On the road to Loch Katrine the driver pointed out the cottage where Helen M'Gregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born, and, a little to the north, the ruins of Inversnaid fort, once occupied by General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec.

As we step on board the little steamer, Scott's "Lady of the Lake" comes forcibly to mind—every view that meets the eye suggestive of that lovely poem. Not far away we see "Ben Venue," and mountains looking like giants protecting this romantic spot. As we pass "Ellen's Isle" and the "Silver Strand," I think of my dear grandmamma, who, at the age of seventy-two, took this trip, and whose quaint and original descriptions will ever remain fresh in my memory.

The Trosachs are a rugged gorge, extending from where you leave the steamer to the Trosachs Hotel. Our Jehu on this drive had evidently taken a "hot Scotch" before starting out, and it is a marvel to us

that we ever reached the hotel in safety. The recklessness with which he drove took much from our enjoyment, and we were glad to dispense with his services.

As we approach the hotel the first sight that greets us is the American flag floating from between the towers of the building, which resembles an old castle ; and here we stop for dinner.

The dining-hall, a handsome apartment, has been recently redecorated after some antique style. The panelling is of oak richly carved, and all the appointments are in good taste. The table is laid with the finest of damask, delicate china, and cut-glass. Silver épergnes filled with bright flowers and luscious strawberries adorn the table. Although the dinner is not elaborate, it is well served, and the cookery equal to Delmonico's. We are blessed with good appetites, and already experience the benefits of change.

At two o'clock we resume the diligence for a ten-mile drive to Callander, passing on the way the lovely Loch Achray, and a little further on the "Brig of Turk."

From Callander we go by rail to Stirling, and on reaching there drive at once to the Castle.

This noble structure stands on a high and precipitous rock, and is an object of interest not only for its beauty and grandeur, but for its historical associations ; while the view from its walls is said to be unsurpassed in Great Britain. Towards the west is a magnificent view of the vale of Menteith and the Highlands ; to the north and east are the Ochil Hills ; the Campsie Hills in the south. Below us lies the town, and close at hand the ruins of an old abbey, the Wallace Monument, and Abbey Craig. In the distance we see the field of Bannockburn. The curiosities within the Castle are examined—John Knox's communion-table and chair among other things.

Returning to town, we walk through the cemetery, which contains some interesting monuments ; and beyond is the old Greyfriars Church, built in 1494. We enter here, and all take our turn sitting in the coronation chair of Marie Stuart—an old splint-bottomed affair, the like of which may be found in any old-fashioned kitchen.

We have tea at the Hotel Royal, and at seven o'clock are travelling towards Edinburgh, where we arrive at ten, and are received with what we suppose to be Scottish hospitality, most cordial and friendly.

We are pleasantly located on the street leading directly to the Castle, and our windows overlook the park in which is erected that grand monument to Sir Walter Scott.

FRIDAY, June 28.

A more charming day could not be desired than dawned upon us this morning. At nine o'clock carriages are at the door, and we start promptly on our tour of inspection.

Edinburgh is called the "Modern Athens," and is a wonderful old city. It sits upon three hills, and extends its charms in all directions. Although you hear your own language spoken, the aspect of every thing is foreign. Looking out of my window this morning, I noticed houses fifteen stories high; and all the buildings seem solid and substantial, built of gray granite. They put up houses over here to last!

We have a local guide to-day, well versed in Scottish lore, who interweaves his descriptions with quotations from Scott and Burns in a manner quite captivating, and not at all parrot-like. We begin the day by going to Calton Hill, passing many places of interest on the way. On the sum-

mit stands a monument erected to Lord Nelson, and the National Monument, the foundation of which was laid in 1822. The idea was to reproduce an exact model of the Parthenon at Athens, as a fitting memorial of the brave officers who fell at Waterloo. Circumstances occurred to chill the patriotic zeal, and the monument is still unfinished.

Below the hill stands Holyrood Palace, in the old town of Edinburgh. The visit here has a wonderful fascination for us, as we loiter in the apartments of the beautiful and unfortunate queen, which are situated in the north-west tower. Very little remains, however, to give an idea of the grandeur of those times, and it is a matter for calculation as to how much longer the hangings adorning the bed in Queen Mary's chamber will hold together. It takes a considerable stretch of the imagination to see the blood-stains in the floor of the room in which Rizzio was attacked, although we adjusted our eye-glasses with great care.

From here some of the party visited the Museum, while others preferred a walk in the Dean Cemetery, where Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Allan are interred. The roses and flowers growing here are most luxuriant.

We then proceed to the Parliament-House and have a look at the lawyers in court, attired in long black silk gowns and wearing white wigs. These adornments certainly add dignity to the appearance.

After dinner we walk to the Castle. This is a grand old fortress, now used as soldiers' barracks. The better part of the afternoon is passed here, visiting the Crown Room (in which are kept the regalia of Scotland), Queen Mary's Room, and Queen Margaret's Chapel. On the bomb battery stands "Mons Meg," and from this point is obtained a fine view of the city and country beyond.

Two of the party, after an hour's stay at the castle, took the train for Hawthornden, making a short stop at Roslin Chapel, returning to town in time for tea. The architecture of this edifice is remarkably beautiful, and of the Gothic order. Our friends were well repaid for the jaunt.

In our drive around the city we pass the site of the old Tolbooth, John Knox's house, St. Giles, and Sir Walter Scott's town-house, No. 39 Castle Street.

Evening found us rather tired, but not so much so as one would imagine from the amount of travel

accomplished during the day. There is something very bracing and invigorating about the atmosphere.

SATURDAY, June 29.

Last night we retired at an early hour, and this morning at six o'clock depart for Melrose, reaching there at eight, where we take breakfast.

The Abbey (now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch), is considered the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the country. Near the great east window the heart of Bruce is buried, and the remains of many illustrious men lie beneath the choir and chancel, among them Alexander II. and Michael Scott, the wizard, whose books of magic were buried with him.

Close to the Abbey we notice a modest monument erected by Sir Walter Scott to the memory of a faithful and attached servant, bearing the inscription of "Thomas Purdie, aged sixty-two years."

Three miles distant lies Abbotsford. The drive there, through green fields and hedgerows, is most charming. The approach to this grand old home is somewhat disappointing, but the view of it from the opposite bank of the Tweed is truly imposing.

We remain here an hour, which is only an aggra-

vation, there is so much to attract us. What I particularly observed was an ebony cabinet presented to Sir Walter by George IV.; the celebrated painting of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution; then the great author's table and well-worn chair in the study; and the key to the Old Tolbooth which hangs in the entrance hall.

The library, the largest and grandest of all the apartments, measures sixty feet in length by fifty in breadth; the walls covered with bookcases containing nearly twenty thousand volumes.

We have a pleasant chat with Mr. Maxwell Scott, who appears to be the proprietor of the place.

We regretfully leave Abbotsford, and at one o'clock are rapidly shortening the distance to London over the Midland Railway. There is an indescribable pleasure travelling in this way, avoiding all responsibility of baggage or hotels. We have a special courier from Glasgow to London, where he leaves us, and we engage another for the Continental trip.

ENGLAND.

ENGLAND.

“Joy, joy, in London now !”

—SOUTHEY.

THE journey to London is most interesting, passing through Leeds, Sheffield, and Manchester. We dine at Normanton Station, and after disposing of some of the dust of travel, paying “tuppence” for use of the towel, we continue on our way. Not the smallest item is lost sight of over here. Where things are so different in our own free and generous country, these peculiarities amuse us.

At nine o'clock we see the lights of London town, and before ten arrive at St. Pancras Station, where our journey ends for a few days, and we have not the fatigue of a carriage ride to our destination, as our hotel joins the depot. As we enter the hall of the Grand Midland we are agreeably surprised with the size and appearance of the building. Cousin Lou and I congratulate ourselves on the grandeur

of the apartment assigned us, furnished sumptuously, a marble clock ticking away on the mantelpiece in the most homelike manner. The hotel is the finest in London, though the situation is rather inconvenient for those who have but a short time to remain in the city.

June 30.

To-day is Sunday, and every thing bids fair for a delightful day. The atmosphere is clear, the fog we anticipated as a matter of course, has not appeared, and the weather all that can be desired.

Directly after breakfast four of us take a coach for Westminster Abbey, and immediately enter the Poets' Corner, where repose the sacred ashes of those whose names have become household words among so many of us. Here we see a tablet to the memory of "rare Ben Jonson," and as we pass along notice the familiar names of Macaulay, Dickens, and Thackeray—it seems as if their spirits were hovering around us.

As public worship is going on, we decide to come another day, so attend service at St. Margaret's Chapel, which stands close under the walls of the Abbey, and listen to an eloquent discourse delivered

by Canon Farrar, and enjoy the fine music. This church is historical, for it contains the tombs of Sir Walter Raleigh ; William Caxton, the first English printer ; Admiral Effingham, who commanded the fleet that destroyed the Spanish Armada, and many other tombs of interest.

Service concluded, we walk around the Parliament buildings, which are indeed magnificent. Our own countrymen who have not travelled on this side of the water have no idea of the magnitude of the public buildings. Trinity Church, New York, appears as insignificant in comparison with Victoria Tower as a little country church at home with Trinity. It seems to me that New York City could be utterly swallowed up in one corner of London.

We then saunter over Westminster Bridge, and watch the numerous craft ply their way up and down the river. A sail down the Thames, passing Blackfriar's Bridge, gives us a view of Cleopatra's Needle, which is now one of the sights, although not in position.

We leave the little steamer at St. Paul's pier, a short walk bringing us to the Cathedral. We have an hour to spare, so occupy the time in a stroll

around the churchyard and vicinity. At three o'clock the doors are opened, and choral service begins. The music is divine, the chief soprano, a lad of not more than twelve years, having a most marvellous voice.

The great clock in the tower strikes four. We have barely time to reach the hotel before the hour at which we ordered dinner, and this evening we go to hear Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle.

On our arrival at the Grand Midland it is announced, to our disappointment that the great divine has been taken suddenly ill, and will not preach to-night. As this is his last Sunday in town this season, we have lost our opportunity of hearing this famous preacher.

It will take some extraordinary inducement to entice us out, therefore we conclude to rest, retiring early that we may be refreshed for to-morrow's work.

MONDAY, July 1.

We have concluded to dispense with the services of our conductor while in London, as we wish to follow our own inclinations in seeing the sights of this wonderful city.

This cheery summer morning we finish breakfast at eight o'clock, leaving at once for King's Cross Station, where we take the underground railway for the Tower, which, next to Westminster Abbey, is the most interesting place in all London. It is useless to give any description of this great fortress. All one can say may be found in any guide-book. Each one must see it for himself. We visit the Armory rooms, the Bloody Tower, and are shown the dark cell poor Sir Walter Raleigh occupied for twelve long dreary years. The decorations of arms in many rooms, most artistically arranged, is something you will see nowhere but here. Just as we are leaving, the "Shah of Persia" is announced, and we refresh our failing eyesight by a good look at this royal personage.

It is already noon, much time having been consumed in reaching here, and awaiting our turn to visit the Tower. Beginning to experience the "keen demands of appetite," we seek a pastry-cook's shop near by, and regale ourselves with one of Dickens's famous pork pies, as it would not do to leave London without this treat. But I cannot say that I enjoyed this delectable concoction with the zest I expected. If this is a specimen of the

dishes the great author relished, he could not have been much of an epicure.

After a charming drive in Hyde Park, then to the Albert Memorial, thence to St. James's Park, passing Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace, we ride through Pall Mall home.

We have scarcely time after dining to dress for the opera at Covent Garden, to which we have been successful in obtaining tickets. *Il Trovatore*, with Patti, was the attraction. At eight o'clock we are dashing over the pavement at break-neck speed, just reaching the theatre in time for the overture. Like true American women, we are marching into our box in the most impressive and dignified manner, when an official informs us that we cannot enter without first removing our bonnets in the ante-room, to which he conducts us.

Until I heard Patti sing, I could not believe she so far surpassed Nilsson and other great artists ; but no voice have I ever heard before that in any degree compared with hers. It is electric, and makes the cold chills run over one, her tones are so wonderfully sweet and sympathetic.

Nicolini enacted the *rôle* of Manrico very acceptably. Covent Garden was crowded from pit to

dome ; but the audience appeared rather cold and undemonstrative, so I thought. The building is quite unlike our opera-houses at home, not nearly so fine as the Academy of Music in New York, though it holds more people.

Thus ended our second day in London. Not one in the party is troubled with loss of sleep or lack of appetite. One would suppose in travelling so constantly we would be too fatigued to enjoy any thing ; but such is not the case. All appear to thrive under this continual excitement, and every one reports improvement in health.

TUESDAY, July 2.

Notwithstanding our hard day's work yesterday, and our dissipation of last evening, this morning, finds us in good spirits, equal to a visit to Windsor, which we have looked forward to as one of *the* days to be enjoyed more than the others.

We leave the Paddington Station by early train, reaching our destination in less than an hour. The Castle is indeed a royal structure, a fit residence for England's queen. We are too early to obtain admission here, so spend the intervening time at the town-hall, where there are fine portraits of

her Majesty, the Prince Consort, George III., Queen Anne, and many other celebrated persons. Time allows us a brief stop at the parish church, which has been recently remodeled at a large cost. It contains a royal pew, inclosed by a beautifully carved oaken rail, the work of the celebrated Gibbons.

It is now eleven o'clock, and we hasten to the Castle, impatient to explore its wonders. Her Majesty being still here, there is no admission to the private apartments. We are shown through the State rooms, including the Queen's audience chamber, the old ball-room, the walls of which are adorned with splendid specimens of Van Dyck's skilful brush ; the State drawing-room, the grand staircase and vestibule, and many other apartments.

No one who visits Windsor Castle should fail to ascend the tower. The view of the country from this point, with pretty villages scattered here and there, the Thames like a silver thread winding its way through the meadows, is beautiful in the extreme.

We finish our tour of the Castle by a visit to St. George's Chapel, afterwards by a walk through the flower gardens and park, and under the shadows of

“ Herne’s Oak,” renowned as the tree spoken of by Shakespeare.

We dine very hurriedly, wishing to drive to Stoke Pogis, and return to London in time for the evening train, which is to take us to Stratford for the night.

With a pair of fast horses we accomplish the distance of five miles in a little over half an hour. This place is celebrated for its having been the residence of William Penn, and the spot where the poet Gray passed the greater portion of his life ; and here he is buried. We walk around the churchyard, the scene of his “Elegy,” and pay a hasty visit to the church that contains his tomb, and are soon returning to Windsor well pleased with our day’s entertainment.

We reach Stratford at nine o’clock, and are royally entertained at the Red Horse Inn by the hostess, who seems to thoroughly understand the wants of American travellers. Our supper is served in Washington Irving’s room. The landlady possesses a wonderful fund of anecdote and incident relating to Mr. Irving, of which we have the full benefit.

WEDNESDAY, July 3.

We are almost blinded by the bright sunshine that pours into our room in such a flood of light and warmth this morning, though the clock strikes eight before we awaken to a realizing sense that time is precious and we must be up and doing.

At the "birthplace of Shakespeare" we are attended through the house and grounds by two maiden ladies, who seem to have come down from the days and time of the immortal bard, and by their suspicious watchfulness defend all relics from the grasp of greedy hunters.

We also visit the church where lies the dust of "Will Shakespeare," and while thus near all that earth contains of the almost divine poet, we feel ourselves to be in the presence of the world's master intellect.

The carriage we had engaged before leaving the hotel is waiting for us, and a two hours' drive through this lovely country brings us to Warwick. On our way thither we have an opportunity of admiring the landscape gardening for which this land is so justly celebrated. The turf, so beautifully green and thick, reaches to the very borders of the road.

On arriving at Warwick we proceed to the Castle, a pleasant drive from the hotel. This illustrious monument of ancient splendor is all that we imagined it would be. While wandering through the interior of this old stronghold and royal residence, we are accompanied by an antiquated dame, who is evidently a novice in the business. She has, it is true, learned her piece very nicely, but if interrupted commences at the beginning and tells it all over again, so we have not time to listen to the whole of her interesting story. The Baronial Hall still retains much of the original furniture and adornments.

From here we are conducted to a suite of apartments containing a most interesting collection of portraits and armor.

We would like to remain here all the afternoon ; but we must have a glimpse of Kenilworth at all hazards, so resume our carriage.

This romantic old ruin is reached in half an hour. We roam through these fallen towers, then stray out upon the lawn, our feet sinking in the velvety thickness of the turf, and seat ourselves beneath the shade of a grand old tree, where half an hour slips peacefully away as we watch some

sheep grazing in an adjoining meadow and admire this wreck of former grandeur.

The drive to Leamington is delightful, and here we remain all night. This is one of *the* fashionable watering-places of England, and an attractive city, but it is a little too early in the season to see much of a display, and the hotels are not crowded.

THURSDAY, July 4.

We celebrate this glorious anniversary of our nation's independence in a most becoming manner.

We leave by morning train for Rowsley, and, wishing to do justice to the occasion, arrange an impromptu concert on the spot. The energy and enthusiasm with which we render the time-honored songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," quite inspires a young Briton, occupying the compartment with us, who asks permission to join in the chorus, and we cordially welcome him.

We dine at the world-renowned "Peacock Inn," and fairly begrudge the time allowed for rest and refreshment. At two o'clock the carriage deposits us at the park gates which enclose Chatsworth.

This magnificent estate belongs to the Duke of

Devonshire, and a visit to it more than repays one for the journey from London. The park presents a great variety of scenery ; the beautiful lawns and pleasure grounds alternating with rugged cliffs and lofty hills.

It includes an area eleven miles in circumference, and is stocked with deer, sheep, and cattle in immense numbers. We first reach the little village situated in the park, and admire the antique church and pretty cottages built in the Tudor and Swiss styles, the whole scene making a charming picture. The first view of this noble residence is grand ; but how gorgeous and magnificent is the interior, which time will not allow me to describe ! We find here every thing that is rich and costly in art and architecture—beautiful carvings in different woods, mosaic floors of oak oddly put together, Gobelin tapestries of Raphael's cartoons, rare pictures and statuary. In fact one visit to Chatsworth only increases the desire to come again, and as we hurry from room to room wish that the days were forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours long.

In the old house at Chatsworth Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned.

We have lingered here beyond the time allowed,

and unwillingly leave this enchanted spot. It is late in the afternoon, and the horses fairly fly as they bear us over the smooth road to Haddon Hall, but there is only time to see the exterior, and we are forced to swallow our disappointment and rest contented with what we have seen.

On returning to the inn the good-natured hostess offers us every inducement for a longer stay ; but, alas ! the evening train carries us away, and near the "wee sma' hours" we again behold the towers and turrets of the great city, and it almost seems like getting home when we drive under the *portecochère* of the Grand Midland. We have seen so much, it is easy to fancy we have been here nine weeks instead of nine days.

FRIDAY, July 5.

We enter the breakfast-room at ten o'clock, and over our rolls and coffee arrange how we can best dispose of the afternoon, and decide to visit the British Museum.

We are now so accustomed to making use of every moment that we lose no time, and shortly after eleven turn into Great Russell Street and arrive at the Museum. We see so much to interest

and delight us that half a day here is little better than no time at all. The Elgin marbles claim particularly our attention, and we seem to forget every thing in admiration of these exquisite pieces of sculpture.

In looking through the apartment we find that no visitors are present but our own little party, and very soon an official informs us that it is four o'clock and that the doors will be closed at once.

The evening is passed at Madame Tussaud's, for who comes to London without attending this wonderful exhibition ?

SATURDAY, July 6.

We spend the entire day at the Parliament building and Westminster Abbey. We have abundant time to look around and thoroughly examine what in our hasty visit of last Sunday we were obliged to neglect. This being visitors' day at the Houses of Parliament, there is a great crowd of tourists on hand, almost as much of a sight as the building. We are greatly entertained here until eleven o'clock, and then cross the square to the Abbey.

This imposing structure is so surrounded by other buildings that the fine effect is somewhat lessened.

You are not, however, disappointed in the interior ; it is grand, though not gloomy, and as the sun shines through the stained-glass windows, it sheds a mellow light upon the tombs of the illustrious dead. Among the tombs of the kings and queens we noticed Edward I., Henry VII., Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and Queen Anne, who has no monument.

In the chapel of Edward the Confessor stands the coronation chair, which has been used at the crowning of English sovereigns since Edward III. The seat is a single massive stone, called the " Stone of Scone," also the " Stone of Destiny," upon which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for many centuries. This stone is said to be the one on which Jacob's head was resting during the time of his beatific vision.

The tomb of Henry V. the hero of Agincourt, is also in this chapel. Near the tomb hangs the saddle upon which he rode on that day ; also his helmet, bearing the marks of the blow received from a battle-ax in the hands of the French Duke Alençon.

The grand wheel window is worthy of more than a passing glance. This was presented to the Abbey by Dean Attlebury, and is considered the handsomest window of this description in the world.

We take one last look around the Poets' Corner, and this terminates our visit at Westminster.

Sunday morning we attend service at Bow Church, and hear the famous "Bow bells." The remainder of the day is devoted to rest, and we are ready for sightseeing Monday, when we take the early train for Brompton, in order to spend the day at the Kensington Museum, which is a mine of riches in objects of mediæval and modern art. This visit is quite too much for one day's entertainment, and on reaching home we dispatch our dinner with all possible haste, and at eight o'clock in the evening are perfectly insensible to the attractions of the outer world.

TUESDAY, July 9.

We again visit St. Paul's, and improve this opportunity of ascending the dome and going into the crypt. This is all we attempt to do to-day.

We would like to take a run down to Yarmouth, and see the old boat-house where the Peggottys used to live, but time will not allow it. Returning home we drive through Russell Square, and look at the passers by, hoping to see Mr. Jos. and Becky Sharp, but fail to recognize them.

As we go to Antwerp to-night there is much to be done in packing and preparing for the journey. This occupies the remainder of the time, and at seven o'clock we leave London by the Canterbury train for Queensborough, where we are to take the ship that is to convey us over the North Sea.

Our new courier impresses us favorably, and attends to our numerous wants with interest. The steamer is crowded with excursionists, and I imagine there will be lively times before morning, as it is considered an exception if any one crosses this body of water without being seasick ; but, strange as it may seem, not one of "our party" suffered from *mal de mer*.

BELGIUM AND GERMANY.

BELGIUM AND GERMANY.

WEDNESDAY, July 10.

WE reach the mouth of the Scheldt at eight o'clock in the morning, immediately disembark, and take the train for Antwerp, or, as it is called, "Anvers."

Here every thing looks foreign. There is a decided change in landscape, houses, and dress of the people. The railway station is thronged with peasantry, apparently off for some holiday excursion. The women are decked out in the most fanciful costumes, and it would require an artist to describe some of them. They seem to possess a great fancy for jewelry and finery, and the head-gear worn by some of the women is really artistic.

On our arrival we lose no time in going to the Cathedral. This is the largest and most beautiful church in Belgium, and one of the most remarkable in the world. It was begun in the thirteenth century and finished in the fourteenth. Within the

church we see that masterpiece of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross;" also his "Elevation of the Cross," which is a glorious creation. His "Assumption" and "Resurrection" are wonderful works. "The Marriage at Cana of Galilee," which hangs near the side entrance, is the first picture that attracts the eye. I noticed a small painting of the head of our Saviour, by Da Vinci, which, being in an out-of-the-way corner escaped the observation of the others. The carving of the pulpit is very beautiful.

Not far from the Cathedral is the celebrated "Matsey's Well," After a short stay at St. Paul's, some return to the hotel, while others, not so fatigued, visit the Museum.

The city is very quaint in appearance, and the women are good-looking, robust, and healthy.

THURSDAY, July 11.

The party, with the exception of myself, go to Bruxelles this morning to visit the lace manufactories, the Wirtz Gallery, and make an excursion to Waterloo.

Last night I decided to leave my friends and experience the novelty of travelling alone, as I had

an acquaintance in Cologne whom I was impatient to meet, and by this departure could enjoy another day in her society.

I was remorselessly shut up in a compartment, and had for my companions four French women and one man ; and the rapidity with which they talked, hardly taking time to breathe, from the time we left Antwerp until we reached Cologne, was enough to drive one to the very verge of madness.

The scenery all along the route is very charming. Field after field of bright red poppies and corn-flowers, mingled with the ripening grain, makes the landscape brilliant beyond description. At several stations on the way peasant girls, fantastically dressed, offered for sale small baskets of fruit, exquisitely arranged.

On arriving at the house of my friend, I found, to my bitter disappointment, that she was absent from home, and had not received my letter, which I had sent to her from London, announcing my arrival. Her family I had never met, but they knew of me through their daughter, and I received a warm welcome. Although they cannot speak one word of English, and my knowledge of the German

tongue is limited, we managed admirably, and the lovely picture of German life I saw at dear Frau von Cöllen's abundantly rewarded me for the loss of the day at Bruxelles.

FRIDAY, July 12

The morning passes pleasantly, and I have become so well acquainted with my new friends in this short interval that conversation never lags. If I get into a tight place, I help myself out by the aid of a little book I always carry with me, the use of which occasions much merriment.

After lunch Fräulein Augusta and I make a tour of the city, visiting the Cathedral, and Church of St. Ursula, in which repose the bones of the eleven thousand virgins, and where we are shown a broken earthen vessel said to have been used at the marriage-feast at Cana. As this is only the commencement of the astonishing things we shall hear and see in our travels, I receive this startling piece of information very placidly.

The Cathedral is the main feature of this city, outside of which there is little else to recommend it. It is a magnificent edifice, although still incomplete, and is called the finest Gothic church in the world.

It is said few works of antiquity will compare with it. We enter the chapel of "The Three Kings of Cologne," under the altar of which we are told lie the remains of the "three wise men from the East," and go away wondering if this story is invented for our express benefit, and, among the many visitors to this ancient Cathedral, how many believe it!

We do not omit to purchase a bottle of Cologne water of Johann Maria Farina, who seems to have a shop on every corner. Our party arrive at four o'clock, bringing glowing descriptions of their day at Bruxelles, and, after reluctantly parting with my friend, I rejoin my companions at the "Hof von Holland."

At dinner a large number of letters are delivered to us, bringing the first news we have from home. We are praying for a pleasant day to-morrow, that nothing may detract from that incomparable trip up the Rhine.

This morning I stood at my window overlooking the river, and saw the boat start off carrying hundreds of excursionists.

“ The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and widening Rhine.”

SATURDAY, July 13.

A cloudless sky welcomes us this lovely summer morning, and every thing seems propitious for a most enjoyable day. At nine o'clock we are all on board the “Kaiser und König,” jolly and happy, resolved to have a good time at all hazards.

Are there any pleasure-boats in the world that will compare with these Rhine steamers? On the upper deck are tables, where some are taking their breakfast and enjoying the scenery at the same time. The good-natured captain moves among the passengers having a pleasant word for every one.

The scenery is not especially attractive until you leave Bonn. From this point on, it is a marvel of picturesqueness, and beauty as far as Biebrich, where we leave the steamer. Every bend of the river discloses an enchanting view.

What a lovely place is Bonn, with its vine-clad banks and pretty villas! It is noted for its fine university, also as being the birthplace of Beethoven, and where he composed the “Moonlight Sonata.” We would like to stop there for a day, also at Bingen, and make an excursion to “Rheinstein,” that prince of castles.

cient fortress. It is called the "Gibraltar of the Rhine." It was used during the Middle Ages as a refuge and stronghold of the electors of Treves. Since 1814 the Prussians have spared no pains nor cost in restoring it. The magazines are capable of containing provisions for eight thousand troops for ten years.

Rheinfels is a noble ruin. Many of these castles are being rapidly restored, which rather detracts from the romance of these places.

We are all wide awake on reaching the Loreley-rock, and listen attentively to catch one note from that beautiful voice that had lured so many helpless wayfarers to destruction. According to tradition, there once lived upon this rock, which rises abruptly from the water's edge, barren and black, four hundred and twenty feet above the river, a wonderfully beauteous sorceress, who by her sweet singing charmed the passing boatmen, only to overwhelm and drown them in the waves, till, overpowered by love herself, she plunged into the Rhine ; but still her voice is said to be heard at times in her old haunt.

Next in interest is the famous "Mausethurm," or Bishop Hatto's Tower, situated on an island in Ehrenbreitstein fully answers our ideas of an an-

the middle of the river. The very conspicuous mansion off on the heights, a short distance from the river, is the chateau of Johannisberg, the estate of Prince Metternich, surrounded by the vineyards which produce the most famous of the Rhine wines.

One must be familiar with the legends of this wonderful river, to properly appreciate its beautiful scenery ; and all agree that this has been one of the days we shall lock up with our keepsakes.

Although the Rhine as a river is no more beautiful than our own Hudson, yet the greater length of the stream, together with its vine-clad shores and romantic ruins, makes a sail up the Rhine beyond comparison. The whole trip exceeded our expectations, and this is saying a great deal, for we expected much.

At nine o'clock we reach lovely Biebrich, too late to see much of the town ; and after a drive of five miles through an avenue of trees continuing the whole distance, we arrive at Wiesbaden, the celebrated watering-place. As we drive up before the entrance of the hotel, with its verandas wreathed in vines, and colored lamps swinging from the arches, the obsequious waiters flocking to the door to receive us, I for a moment have a dim idea that we

must belong to the royal family ; but on gaining the hall, and unfortunately falling full length, I recover my senses, and luckily recollect that we are only weary travellers.

We are at the "Grand Hotel du Rhin," and are much elated to hear from our courier that it has formerly been the abode of crowned heads, and at this announcement we ascend to our rooms.

July 14.

Notwithstanding it is Sunday, the band on the lawn is discoursing the most enlivening music, and the ladies sit upon the verandas occupied with light fancy-work.

At eleven o'clock we start out in search of the English chapel, but have not gone far before it commences to rain, and we are obliged to return to the hotel. We employ the time writing letters home, and at two o'clock, the clouds disappearing, we drive around the city. In passing along the avenues, we notice pretty cottages and grounds, doubtless occupied by summer residents, each house bearing over its door and gateposts its name, such as "Villa Anna," "Villa Louise," etc. This is a pretty city, and at the height of the season must be attractive.

Our dinner to-day is served with great ceremony and *empressement*. Although this is quite in keeping with our tastes, we would prefer to have more of the substantials and less form. The evening is passed at the Conversation Haus, where we quietly listen to the music and watch the people.

MONDAY, July 15.

At nine o'clock this bright morning we are promptly on hand for the train that is to bear us to Heidelberg.

How strange the railway carriages and engines appear here, in contrast with those used in America ! The manner in which they make up and dispatch a train is very amusing. It does not appear to be of much importance whether the engine is behind, or before. Next to the locomotive comes a passenger car, then a baggage car, or perhaps two ; then a couple of passenger cars ; again a baggage car, and so on until the train is complete. Then the guard slams the door and locks you in. A small man, all epaulets and cocked hat, at the extreme end of the depot rings a tea-bell (?) ; the engine gives vent to a feeble toot ; another man at the opposite end of the station jingles a bell, and we are off. In fact they

are a century behind the times over here, but this only adds to the charm of travelling.

A ride of three hours finds us at Frankfort, where we decide to remain over one train, visiting the Roman Council Chamber, five hundred years old, containing the portraits of forty-seven Roman emperors. We drive through the best parts of the city, passing the monuments erected to Goethe and Schiller, the house where Goethe was born, and the one in which Martin Luther lived, the residence of the Rothschilds, and the Hotel Schwann, in which the treaty of peace was signed after the "late unpleasantness" between the French and Germans; then into the Jewish quarter, where the houses and belongings appear so odd, and unlike any thing we have ever seen before, it seems as if all of a sudden we had landed in some unknown country.

We notice here such curious pumps, twenty feet high, with very long handles.

We cross the ancient bridge (A.D. 1342) with its diabolical legend, and statue of Charlemagne, and return to the depot just as the train arrives, and in less than ten minutes are on the way again.

As we are getting into the car one of our gentlemen makes a misstep and falls, dropping his pistol

from his pocket, which explodes, causing a great commotion. Before we have time to collect our thoughts he is taken in charge by two officers and marched off. We make frantic efforts to have him released, but the guard closes the door, the signal is given, and we are out of sight in less time than it takes me to tell it. This event creates quite a sensation, and we decide to send our courier back for the unfortunate gentleman if he does not make his appearance before evening.

We arrive at Heidelberg at four o'clock, and our friend, being set at liberty at Frankfort, follows two hours afterwards. On his arrival he is instantly surrounded by a crowd of spectators and is the acknowledged hero of the day. He had no difficulty in making himself understood, and after an explanation to the magistrate was allowed to depart without even paying a fine. If he had shown a passport he would not have been detained.

The laws of this country forbid any person carrying loaded firearms.

We are at the Hotel de l'Europe, a most comfortable house. The charm of these European hotels is the beautiful gardens that surround them. The grounds attached to this are tastefully laid out in

walks and flower-beds, and a fountain ornaments the centre. Lamps surround the whole, and when lighted at night make up an enchanting picture.

TUESDAY, July 16.

Last evening we arranged with the proprietor for an early breakfast, and at eight o'clock precisely the carriages are before the door, and we start in good season.

The air is like May, cool and refreshing, instead of the hot dry atmosphere one should expect at this time of the year. The roads are free from dust, and the drive to Wolfsbrunnen around the mountain captivating.

From the tower of the Königstuhl the scene is indescribably beautiful, commanding an extensive view of the Rhine and Neckar, the Odenwald and Black Forest.

After a drive of two hours we arrive at the Castle. We devote the first half hour to the inner court, admiring the imposing sculpture of its façade, then enter the interior, and are bewildered with all we see. We are shown the great Ton and the chapel, and to-night we come again to see this grand ruin illuminated, an event under the supervision of

the students, which occurs but twice during the year.

We next pay a visit to the celebrated university. The buildings are exceedingly plain and contain most of interest to the scholar. This morning our young friends Messrs. Sherwood and Partridge left for Zurich, where we are to meet them on Friday.

On reaching the hotel, as we alight from the carriage, we observe two English women talking with the proprietor. One says, "There are many Americans here to-day, but I wish it understood that *I* am *not* an American." The host replies, "One can readily see that, madam." "Yes," says the lady, "I thank Heaven every day that I was not born an American!" We then take a survey of this perfectly satisfied specimen of femininity.

Her age varies anywhere from fifty to sixty years. She is attired in a rusty black alpaca dress, and a black flat trimmed with daisies adorns her massive intellect. Her hair is arranged in corkscrew curls on either side of her face. She daintily raises her dress and displays a foot that would fill a number six shoe, clad in an old prunella slipper with the strings untied. After this we seek our rooms, quite contented with being "*Les belles Américaines.*"

At dinner we have a parting glimpse of this important personage. She has added to the charms of her toilette a *real* bogwood necklace, a string of coral and wax beads ornament her wrist, a lace fichu envelops her shoulders, while the last finishing touch is given to this gorgeous costume by the addition of a startling red sash tied very coquettishly on one side. As I look at her and call Lou's attention to this wonderful combination of art and nature, we are both inwardly thankful that the "home of the free" is in no way responsible for her.

The illumination was a grand success, colored lights being used in a most artistic manner.

There is a church here four hundred years old, divided in the centre, the Protestants worshipping in one portion of the building, the Catholics in the other. It is the only edifice of the kind in the world.

HOTEL HOLLANDE, BADEN, WEDNESDAY, July 17.

As we proceed on our journey every thing increases in interest and beauty. We left Heidelberg at 10.30 this morning, arriving here at 12.15. The distances between the cities are so short we do

not suffer any from travelling, and being out in this bracing air so constantly, we are invigorated and gain strength daily.

We had anticipated a delightful day at this gem of German watering-places, but the reality far excelled our expectations.

We dine at one o'clock to-day, rather out of the ordinary course, and at half-past two leave the city and drive into the grand and gloomy shades of the Black Forest. This extensive woodland is rightly named, hardly a ray of sunlight penetrating the thick foliage. After a ride of five miles through the mazes of this forest, we arrive at the "Old Castle," where a stop is made long enough to allow us to ascend the towers and explore the underground passages. This stronghold was destroyed by the French in 1689.

From here we go to the "New Castle," one of the residences of the Grand Duke, which he occupies in September and October only. We are admitted to the private as well as State apartments. The decorations are gorgeous, and there are many rare works of art here. In the boudoir of the Duchess is a buhl cabinet inlaid with Florentine mosaics, an exquisite piece of workmanship.

Returning to town we dismiss our carriages at the Kursaal, and after a promenade through the Conversation Haus, Trinkhalle, and grounds, walk to the hotel, only two blocks distant.

The rooms in the Conversation Haus are large and handsomely decorated. One salon is an exact imitation of Louis XIV.'s drawing-room in the palace at Versailles ; there is also a ball-room after the same style. In connection with these are the rooms formerly used for gambling purposes.

At eight o'clock we seat ourselves on the long veranda fronting the Conversation Haus, and listen to the inspiriting waltz as the gay throng moves before us underneath the brilliant lights. Not far away the Black Forest spreads its dense shade, where the scenes of so many of those popular German stories by Marlitt are laid. It is sad to think of the thousands, in years gone by, who have entered this house filled with ambition and hope of success, and who in a few short hours have departed, leaving their honor and wealth behind them, living long enough to curse the day they ever set foot within these halls.

THURSDAY, July 18.

Cousin Lou and I are up betimes this glorious summer morning, and as we leave our room for a walk before breakfast the Cathedral clock rings out the hour of five.

We wander around the streets of the town for an hour, occasionally meeting some of our party, who also have taken an early start. We wend our way to the pump-room, and refresh ourselves with a glass of spring water, and take the time we could not spare yesterday to examine the celebrated frescoes in the portico of this building illustrating the legends of the Black Forest. Then we stroll on the hill back of the Trinkhalle, gather wild flowers, and drink in the lovely scenery around us. The mist still overhangs the mountains, and the sun is risen. We find the time gone all too quickly, and have not a moment to lose if we secure our breakfast, as we depart for Strasbourg at half-past seven.

This is altogether the loveliest place we have been in, and we are impatient at being dragged away, for we would like to remain longer ; but cruel Fate is not so kind, and we are hustled off without the slightest regard to our feelings.

At 10.30 we are at Strasbourg, and make our

way without delay to the Cathedral. After hearing the wonderful clock strike, and seeing the puppets perform, we resume the train for Schaffhausen. The only way in which we console ourselves for the brief stops made in many places is, that we see the most important things, and cannot expect to see every thing in so short a tour.

After leaving Strasbourg we are informed by the courier that his highness the King of Holland occupies the next carriage to us. At the first station where we stop, this royal personage promenades up and down the platform, and for the second time in our lives we feast our eyes on a prince of the realm. Well, on taking a good look at him, we conclude that he is only a man after all.

SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND.

“ Above me are the Alps,
Those palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !”

—CHILDE HAROLD.

ABOUT two hours before reaching Schaffhausen we have our first glimpse of the Alps, those magnificent snow-clad peaks, piled one above another like clouds in the distance, glowing in the setting sun.

We are at the Schweizer Hof, which stands on a prominent cliff overlooking the Falls of the Rhine.

Schaffhausen is an old, picturesque town, the chief point of interest being the ancient Cathedral, in the Romanesque style, lately restored. The projecting, three-sided windows and peculiar roofs to the houses give the place a very odd appearance.

The Falls amount to little in themselves, but the

surrounding scenery, including a grand view of the Bernese Alps, as well as Mont Blanc, which can be seen distinctly on a clear day, makes a short stay here very attractive.

We are delightfully entertained and served at this hotel, and notice at dinner to-night the maid-servants attired in peasant costume, which is very becoming and novel.

FRIDAY, July 19.

We reach Zurich at eleven o'clock, delighted to meet our friends Messrs. Sherwood and Partridge once more, who are at the train to receive us.

We make a stop here of two hours, taking a short drive around the city, a row on the lake, and enjoy a feast of delicious fruit at the market. This city is more modern in its appearance than any we have visited.

The scenery all along the route is very picturesque, and as we near Lucerne the mountains begin to be more distinct, and we can really see with our natural eyes Pilatus and the Rhigi. We experience the feeling, for once in our lives, that we have seen mountains that *are* mountains, although others in the distance tower high above them into the clouds.

Lucerne is a charming spot, the natural situation being incomparable, lying on the shores of this lovely little lake of the same name, and surrounded on all sides by these grand old mountains.

We arrive here at seven o'clock in the evening, not in the slightest degree fatigued. The whole day has been like an exquisite poem.

From our window we behold a superb prospect—Pilatus and the Rhigi in full view.

After dinner we walk on the boulevard fronting the Lucerner Hof, listen to the music for an hour, and then retire.

SATURDAY, July 20.

A number of the party make an excursion to Tell's Chapel this morning, returning late in the afternoon.

We who remain at home leisurely roam around town, going first to the Cathedral, then to see the wonderful lion of Thorwaldsen, hewn out of the natural rock. On our way homeward, we stop at several establishments to admire specimens of carved wood, and hear the music-boxes play.

Just as the sun is setting we row out upon this beautiful lake, the color of which is a deep emerald

green, and for an hour we watch the changing hues of sunset and the coming twilight. On our return we are welcomed by a number of our old shipmates, who have arrived during our absence and whom we have not seen since leaving Glasgow, and there is a general interchange of news and views.

Thus far we have had no trouble in regard to receiving our letters. They are addressed to our bankers in London, and forwarded to us at whatever point we may be.

SUNDAY, July 21.

There has been a sudden change in the weather, and it bids fair to be an intensely hot day.

Breakfast has been ordered at ten o'clock, and as it is now only eight, Lou and I set out for a walk, crossing the quaint old bridges, under the roof of one of which are the strange pictures entitled the "Dance of Death." Notwithstanding the heat, we determine to attend mass at the Cathedral. As we steadily pursue our way, we see a well-dressed gentleman approaching us, unmistakably a foreigner. On reaching us, he stops abruptly and says, "Les Americaines !" We pass on very much aston-

ished and amused. It is evident we are in no danger of losing our identity while over here.

The great organ charms us, and after mass has been offered we do not wait for the sermon, but return to the hotel, to prepare for our departure at two o'clock P.M., when we make the ascent of the Rhigi.

At the hour appointed we are on board the little steamer for Vitznau, the town at the foot of the Rhigi, and the ride up the side of the mountain on the inclined railway is a unique experience.

The Rhigi is five thousand nine hundred and five feet high, and the distance by rail from the base to the top, three miles. We are one hour and twenty-five minutes making the ascent, which will give some idea how slowly and carefully the journey is made. The railway is after the same style as that used at Mount Washington.

As I look down upon the scene below, and we rise higher and higher, the boats on the lakes appearing like mere specks on the surface of the water, and the beautiful valley almost encircled by those magnificent mountains, it seems as if nothing could surpass the grandeur of these views. But we do not know what grand scenery is until we reach the

“Kulm,” or summit. From here, our eyes sweep over a circuit of three hundred miles. We are almost speechless with wonder as we look at the glorious “Jungfrau,” towering six thousand feet above us.

The hotel here is very large and fine, and we are astonished at such luxurious accommodations so high up in the air. As we left Lucerne, the thermometer stood 100° in the shade ; on the mountain it is 54° .

After dinner we don our greatcoats, and go out to gather Alpine roses ; and this is a ramble long to remember ! We find thirty-four varieties of wild-flowers, most of them unlike any that grow in our own country. We buy some “Edelweiss,” which is very hard to obtain, as it flourishes in dangerous places, and is gathered only by the mountaineers. We remain without to see the sun set, but the sky is cloudy, and we are disappointed, although the view is fine.

We sit up until midnight pressing our wild flowers, and at three o'clock are awakened by the Alpine horn to see the sun rise ; but old Sol, for some unforeseen reason, declines to appear, and we are not rewarded for getting up so early ; however, we

are off at six o'clock, and the descent is, if any thing, superior to the ascent. At one point you see nothing but snow-clad peaks on one side ; on the other you look down upon that superb valley to which no picture or description will ever do justice.

MONDAY, July 22.

We reach Lucerne in almost a starving condition, although we partook of rolls and coffee before leaving the Rhigi. Happily for us, breakfast is announced as soon as we arrive.

We are constantly meeting tourists from Italy, some who encourage, others who discourage, our going to Rome ; but we do not intend being frightened out of it. One would imagine that by this time, losing so much sleep, we would be utterly unfitted for any enjoyment ; but, bless you ! we are as fresh as daisies, and all ready to be entertained. Some of the party, who fancied they could not endure much fatigue and were confirmed to a certain manner of living, are gratified that this constant change is doing them good, and are fast overcoming what they supposed to be fixed habits.

At ten o'clock we are sailing over the four lakes to Alpnach ; hence by diligence over the Brünig

Pass. Every thing is so bewildering and beautiful that language is of no use to me. I might exhaust all the adverbs and adjectives in the English language, and then not half express the grandeur we see from Lucerne to Alpnach, over the Pass, to Brienz, thence to Interlaken.

It seems to me no scenery in the world can compare with these Alpine views in point of sublimity, variety, and freshness. Just imagine yourselves taking a mountain drive of twenty-six miles, and as you descend, driving at 2.40 speed down a terrific declivity on the edge of a precipice! The view is any thing but reassuring as you look over the side of the diligence.

On the opposite side are grand old mountains, and lying between them the lovely valley of the Aar, divided by the river, on either side of which are pretty Swiss chalets and gardens. From Brienz, which we reach at six o'clock, we are conveyed by the little steamer to Giessbach, a ten minutes' sail. It has been cloudy all the afternoon, and as we leave the pier, laden with travelling-bags and shawl-straps, the rain descends in torrents, and we are consequently drenched. The only mode of conveyance to the hotel, which is situated midway up the mountain, is a sedan chair.

The hotel is a very fine one, and overlooks the falls, leaping from a height of eleven hundred feet, in a series of seven cascades, down into the lake ; so you can fancy what a lovely view it is. At nine o'clock the falls are illuminated, each cascade with a different color, and the effect is dazzling, the water appearing like liquid fire. The exhibition lasts about five minutes.

Afterwards there is a promenade concert in the parlor, but we only remain a few moments, and at ten retire, to journey on in the land of dreams till morning.

TUESDAY, July 23.

At 6.45 we are aroused from our slumbers, and with difficulty make our way down the steep and zigzag path to the boat bound for Interlaken, the Saratoga of Switzerland. The ride on the lake occupied an hour, and for beauty of scenery and situation this is the loveliest lake imaginable. It is completely surrounded by mountains covered with smooth green turf to the summits, and the reflection of the green in the water is exquisite. In the morning such a soft, hazy light surrounds every thing, it seems too beautiful to be real !

We land at a little village a mile from Interlaken, where we take the train with outside seats, and from here have splendid views of the Jungfrau and Wetterhorn again.

We are at the Hotel Victoria, and from our window have a superb picture to feast our eyes upon whenever we have leisure to look out. Below lies the pretty garden, tastefully arranged in walks, flower-beds, and artistic devices; and beyond, in the distance, the Jungfrau rises so stately and white, sparkling in the sunlight like a mountain of diamonds.

Directly after breakfast three of the party leave for an excursion to the glaciers, but the remainder decide not to go, knowing that the jaunt will be tiresome, so rest and write letters until four o'clock, after which we enjoy a pleasant drive.

In the evening we attend a concert at the Kurgarten and listen to some fine music, which carries us so far away from the things of this world that we are insensible to the fact that a heavy shower is coming upon us, and before we have time to realize the situation the rain is pouring. As there is no carriage within hailing distance, we get back to the hotel as best we can, with the aid of an umbrella,

which only one of the party had the forethought to bring along.

THUN, WEDNESDAY, July 24.

We were greatly amused at breakfast at the presentation of a bill of seventy-five centimes, a tax levied on all strangers who visit the Kurgarten, an entertainment we supposed to be free.

As we were waiting at the train to-day, we met Rev. Dr. K——, from Brooklyn, and enjoyed the pleasure of his company over Lake Thun. We are constantly meeting acquaintances from America, the last persons in the world we expected to see.

We left Interlaken at eleven o'clock, reaching this lovely Swiss village at four. The whole town looks like a garden, the yards are so beautifully kept and laid out, and then these pretty window-gardens, that brighten the effect of the dullest mansion! The wood-carvings here are finer and more artistic than any we have seen elsewhere. We visited the pottery manufactories, and saw many quaint and beautiful specimens.

This is a spot where one would like to settle down and rest, such peace and quietness pervades every thing. Directly in front of our window is the slo-

ping side of the mountain ; the hotel stands at its very foot. The whole surface is dotted over with tasteful cottages, summer-houses, and ornamental grounds ; then we step across the hall into Anna's and Mary's room, and a complete change greets us from their windows. Mountains in the distance, a lovely valley, with two rivers converging just above the hotel, and beyond lies the village, with its pretty châteaux and modern cathedral.

We meet so many travellers who seem to be utterly out of their element, so incapable do they appear of being moved by, or properly appreciating any thing they see. Undoubtedly, as a fit termination to a successful business career, some one suggested that the sensible thing to do was to go abroad, and they came, only longing for the time to come when they could return home.

Our courier is an unfailing source of amusement to us. He never neglects to say, after announcing the carriages, before leaving a place, "Leddies, have you all your schmall tings wid you?"—meaning our hand baggage. He is an Italian, and formerly a count, as a matter of course. It makes not the slightest difference what you may ask him, his reply is invariably the same. It is always, "Decidedly so, quite so!"

There is a military institute here, and this town was formerly a great mart for butter and cheese. The people seem thrifty and well-to-do, and I do not wonder, as not the smallest chance for making a cent is lost sight of. If you buy any thing, and it is put into a box, they charge you for the box.

THURSDAY, July 25.

We have a stroll around the village and mountain after breakfast ; at ten o'clock are on the way to Berne, reaching there at one o'clock.

Cousin Lou celebrates the occasion by lighting her alcohol lamp and preparing a good home cup of tea. We buy some cakes and knick-knacks at the baker's, and invite Anna and Mary to enjoy this repast with us, and it seems like old times at boarding-school.

Afterwards we equip ourselves with waterproofs and umbrellas (it has rained ever since our arrival) and start out sightseeing. Nothing less than the jumping toothache will keep us within. We first go to an old tower to see the puppets in a marvellous clock perform, which affair does not amount to much. As the clock strikes, a figure representing Father Time turns an hour-glass, whereupon a

dozen miniature bears, dressed in all sorts of costumes and performing odd tricks, prance around him. A rooster crows, and the performance is ended until the next hour, when the same things are repeated.

Then we walk a long distance, protected from the rain by the archways of the overhanging second stories of the buildings. After crossing the bridge we come to the bear-pits, and stop awhile to see three bears perform. This city is celebrated for bears. It was founded by Berthold V., in 1191. He is said to have killed a bear on the spot, and to have given the place the name of Berne (Suabian for bear) on this account. Bears have for many centuries been maintained in Berne at the expense of the community. You see them in every conceivable form, from real bears down to carved wood and chocolate-cream bears.

Some of our friends leave for Chamouni to-day, and join us again at Geneva. Cousin Lou wishes to go, but in consideration of the Italian trip thinks best to reserve her energies for that event. We have a pleasant corner room at this hotel, with an extended view in both directions. We dine at five and at eight retire. We are not long courting the

drowsy god, and morning finds us as good as new, fresh for another day's experience.

FRIDAY, July 26.

We make our first visit to the Federal Palace, but there is little to interest us here. The building is comparatively plain, the frescoes adorning the ceilings of the Senate and Council Chambers being the chief attraction.

This place is also famous for wood-carvings and music-boxes. We pass the forenoon in different shops and are greatly entertained. We did not go to the Cathedral, but had a fine view of the Bernese Alps from the terrace.

At two o'clock we are on the way to Fribourg, and sing from the time we leave Berne until we reach our destination. It seems as if the days of childhood had returned once more, so gay and light-hearted are we all.

At 3.20 o'clock we arrive at the Hotel Zähringen, and after depositing our "schmall tings" with the concierge, hurry out to view the land. Fribourg is situated on a rocky height encircled by the Saane. It is noted for two remarkable suspension bridges, one one hundred and seventy-five feet, and

the other two hundred and eighty-five feet above the water. We cross over one and return by the other, the highest. While standing in the centre of this bridge, perfectly carried away with the magnificent view, and totally oblivious of aught else, I drop my umbrella, and down it whirls lodging in the top of a tree. I am in a great dilemma, and seeing a cottage at the opposite end of the bridge, hasten thither. Two peasant women are sitting on the steps, and in what French I am able to command I make them comprehend what has occurred. The younger one, without waiting to be asked, rushes past me, and in a twinkling is out of sight. How she managed to get down there and return so quickly, will always remain a mystery to me ; but in a very few moments she reappears, bringing my umbrella, for which she is amply rewarded, and we are both made happy. Well, I shall ever remember the great bridge at Fribourg !

After dinner we attend a concert at the Cathedral and greatly enjoy the music, although we imagine the organist is a pupil, and not a master of the instrument.

SATURDAY, July 27.

It hardly seems possible that we have been gone from home only six weeks ! How much has been crowded into this short space, and still each thing we see makes such an impression that it remains distinct and separate from any thing else.

A ride in the cars of two hours brings us to Lausanne, and here we remain until Monday. The hotel is built on the site of the old home of Gibbon the historian, and in an arbor in the garden stands his writing table and chair. Here he wrote the last chapters of his "Ancient Rome." I was down there for awhile this evening, sitting by the fountain, with beautiful flowers around me, while not far away the glorious Alps cast their shadows on Lake Leman. I did not wonder that in such a spot the great author received inspiration.

In writing letters home I feel that the best mode of description would be to fill a sheet with exclamation points, and allow my friends to imagine the whole for themselves, for I am totally incapable of expressing in any degree the depth of the impressions and emotions this wonderful scenery gives me. We have here met a party *en route* for Scotland, they commencing their journey at Paris, after

reaching this side, and from there going directly to Rome. They report a delightful time, none of them having suffered illness in consequence of going to Italy. After lunch we have a drive around the city ; then out of town through the woods to a high point of land called the "Signal." The foliage of this woodland is of the most exquisite delicacy, more like the maiden-hair fern than any thing else to which I can compare it. The contrast between this and the dense shade of the Black Forest is most striking.

From the summit of the hill we have an enchanting view of the Alps and that matchless sheet of water, Lake Lemman, which from this point displays the rarest shades of pink and blue. Such peculiar tints of color, which change as the sun declines, are marvellous. The water looks like Bohemian glass, it is so clear and sparkling.

There seems to be a spell in the very atmosphere, and we are irresistibly attracted to remain here. However, we regretfully tear ourselves away from this charmed spot, and hasten back to the city, arriving just in time to bid farewell to our friends Messrs Sherwood and Partridge, who are leaving for Chamouni. We shall not see them again until

we reach Rome. They will make a detour from the regular route, visiting Naples, and other cities along the coast.

SUNDAY, July 28.

We take matters very leisurely this morning, and at twelve are bound for Ouchy, where the steamer is waiting, and soon are gliding over the placid blue waters to Chillon. The lake, which looked so exquisite from the hill-top, is just as lovely when you are near enough to place your hand in the water. I never saw such a color ; it is indescribable ; not a reflection of the sky, but still a shade of heaven's own blue ! And the pretty villages along the shores—Vevay, Clarens, Montreux—with their vine-clad banks and fine hotels ! It is enough to make one poetic to live in such an atmosphere and amid such surroundings ! At all these places our dear old flag among others waved us a welcome. The day itself is perfect, and in the enjoyment of radiant health it is no marvel that we are so happy.

At 1.30 we arrive at Chillon. Some drive to the Castle (which Byron has made so famous), about half a mile from the landing, while others prefer to walk.

We are shown the dungeon in which Bonnivard was confined, and the pillar to which he was chained for six long years. Then we look down the well into which prisoners were thrown, falling eighty feet into the lake below. Knives and spikes are fastened in the stone-work, which cut and slashed them as they went down. Notwithstanding all the terrible reflections of what these poor beings must have suffered, we still maintained a pleasant frame of mind.

We find Byron's name cut in one of the columns, looking as fresh as if it might have been done yesterday, also the names of Sir Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas.

We linger here an hour, and return to the landing, where we wait awhile for the steamer, and in the meantime enjoy the surrounding views. Tomorrow we leave for Geneva, and make the remainder of the trip on this heavenly lake.

At 5.30 we arrive at the hotel with alarming appetites. In fact, notwithstanding the ample supply of provisions everywhere awaiting us, we are most of the time, owing to the bracing air and constant exercise, in a state of semi-starvation.

The evening is devoted to letter-writing, and at

nine o'clock we extinguish our candles and bid the world "good-night."

MONDAY, July 29.

The sail to Geneva occupies three hours. It is pleasant overhead, but the mountains are enveloped in mist, and we are disappointed in the view of Mont Blanc we expected to enjoy.

Those of our party who left us at Berne for an excursion to Chamouni are already at the hotel, and bring such entertaining accounts that we are almost beside ourselves with regret that we did not accompany them.

Lou and I are in the very slough of despond this morning, for on Wednesday we must part with our dear companions Anna and Mary, who go to Paris for a week or ten days, and, after a short tour through Ireland, sail the 22d of August for America.

We meet with great discouragements at this point, hearing alarming accounts of the fever and intense heat at Rome, and are nearly at our wit's end, not knowing which way to decide. Fortunately, at this juncture, we meet with a party just returning from Italy, who assure us that we can proceed with per-

fect safety by taking proper precautions, and that we will make a great mistake if we forego the visit, which will lay open to us sights and treasures calculated to make all the wonders we have seen before seem insignificant. After a great deal more questioning and cross-questioning we decide to go.

We have felt unwilling to return to America without seeing this land of sun and song, fearing we might never again have the opportunity ; yet the risk has been a matter requiring great consideration. We make up our minds to observe all the rules in regard to health, viz., taking quinine, keeping within doors during the extreme heat of the day, and avoiding the night air. How well we shall adhere to these resolutions, *nous verrons*.

The afternoon is passed on the rue du Rhone, in the various jewelry establishments for which this place is noted, and we are much disappointed in the display ; but are told that the choicest specimens have been sent to the Paris Exposition. The merchants here seem to place their whole stock in trade in the windows, and if you wish to see any thing especial, it is brought to you for examination.

We finish the afternoon with a walk in the English Gardens, and over the bridge to the island on

which is erected a statue to Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Towards evening we walk along the Quai, and at seven attend a concert at St. Peter's, where Calvin used to preach, but it proves to be a tiresome affair, and we are glad to return to our *pension* and to bed.

TUESDAY, July 30.

The two young ladies are up and off at five o'clock, long before I have awakened ; but Cousin Lou is not so forgetful, and accompanies them to the train.

Our first visit to-day is to the great watch manufactory that supplies Tiffany & Co., and other leading houses in the United States. This occupies the greater part of the morning, and is most interesting. The afternoon passes pleasantly at the Bibliothèque, Art Gallery, and Public Gardens ; afterwards a drive to Voltaire's old home, five miles distant, returning to town in time for dinner at eight.

Our stay terminates here to-morrow morning, and on the whole, notwithstanding the constant sightseeing, we are in admirable condition for the Italian

journey. Only three of "our" original party remain—the good Professor, Cousin Lou, and myself ; but we have formed a number of pleasant acquaintances, who have travelled a good share of the way with us, and we have decided to remain together until we reach Paris.

ITALY.

ITALY..

WEDNESDAY, July 31.

WE have a long journey before us to-day, but the weather is cool, and there is so much to talk about, the time will pass rapidly.

The scenery all the distance from Geneva to Turin is sublime, and we have one of the finest views of the Alps (snow-clad), a range of one hundred and fifty miles. We reach Turin at six o'clock, pretty well fatigued, and our eyes weary with looking. Dinner is immediately announced, and although contrary to the rules of hygiene, we retire directly after, and are up at five in the morning on a voyage of discovery.

THURSDAY, Augst 1.

Turin is a fine city, well and regularly laid out ; the buildings are substantial and tasteful. It is said to be rich in art treasures. We here experience for

the first time the novelty of driving into the hotel and alighting in an inner court. Our stay will be brief, as we intend to return here on our way to Paris, and remain a day, when we hope to see something of the grandeur of this city.

On the route from Geneva we passed through fifty-one tunnels, varying from a quarter of a mile to eight and a quarter miles in length, the longest being the celebrated Mont Cenis. There are eleven tunnels between here and Genoa, and forty-eight between Genoa and Pisa. I mention this to give some idea of the mountainous region.

We leave this beautiful city at nine o'clock, reaching Genoa at half-past three. As we approach the town the country reminds us more of America than any we have seen; but the houses look strange, the exteriors elaborately frescoed, and where it has peeled off in large patches the effect is decidedly shabby. Genoa is called the "Superb City," though from outward appearances it does not seem to merit its name.

On leaving the depot, which is after the more modern style of architecture, our attention is at once arrested as we pass the grand statue of "Christopher Colombo." Not wishing to be outdone by Mark

Twain, and appreciating the occasion, we make a rush for our smelling salts in order to pay tribute to his memory by shedding a few tears ; but, alas ! by some neglect the bottle has been placed in our travelling bag, and sent to the hotel with the rest of the baggage, and we cannot do justice to the subject without the hartshorn.

As we drive up before an old rookery which in our ignorance we mistake for a storehouse, or something of the sort, we are surprised to learn that it not only is the “Grande Hotel de la Ville,” but was formerly an old palace. This last information consoles us for its general shabbiness, and we are pleased upon entering to find that it is quite habitable, but are not disposed to envy royalty if this is any specimen of what palaces in Italy are like. The outward surroundings are beggarly. We already notice a marked difference between this country and those we have just left.

In the evening we have a charming sail on the Mediterranean. We row out into the bay about two miles from shore, and obtain a magnificent view of the city, which is surrounded by nine high hills, each crowned by a noble fort. Our boatman is a true Genoese, and looks picturesque in his light

clothes, with a gay sash tied carelessly around his waist. His voice is very sweet and musical as he replies, "Si, Signora," to my question ; but my experience has been that the average sunny Italian has a voice like a Piute Indian, judging from the whooping and screaming that went on all night in front of the hotel, interrupting our slumbers every few moments. We conclude the police regulations in this country are not so perfect as they might be. We enjoyed our first Italian sunset this evening as we sailed back to the city. The scene was romantic in the extreme. It seems as if wind and tide favor us everywhere.

FRIDAY, August 2.

This day has been so crowded with events, it will be impossible to give any idea of all that is grand and beautiful that we have seen. We are constantly congratulating ourselves that we came to Italy. Notwithstanding the disturbances of last night we arose this morning as fresh as larks.

The plan for the day's occupation being arranged we start early, and find on reaching the Church of the Annunciation that it is not yet nine o'clock. The exterior of this edifice is any thing but impos-

ing ; on the contrary, it has a most dilapidated look ; but the interior is gorgeous with gilding and frescoes. The vaulting and dome are richly decorated, and we are told the gilding has not been retouched since 1600, which information is difficult to credit, owing to the fresh appearance of the ornamentation. There is so much to attract us here, Lou and I are inclined to allow the others to go elsewhere without us ; but we follow on reluctantly to the royal palace of King Humbert and Queen Marguerite. They being absent we have the *entrée* to all the private apartments, the richness and grandeur of which is beyond my power to describe. We traverse the throne, reception, and ball-rooms, and give expression to our admiration in most enthusiastic language. We find here many beautiful paintings by Paul Veronese, Velasquez, and others.

After leaving here we pass a short time at the Athenæum, and finding there is still an hour and a half before lunch, spend it at the Palazzo Rossi studying the celebrated pictures. This is the oldest palace in Genoa, and is now used as an Art Gallery. Among the most admired paintings were "San Sebastian," Guido ; "Raising of Lazarus," Correggio ; "Judith," Paul Veronese.

It is already one o'clock, and not wishing to be behind time we return to the hotel ; after lunch take carriages for a drive outside the city to the Villa Pallavicini, a princely residence with beautiful gardens, six miles beyond the walls. After passing the gate, which is a fine specimen of art, one enchanting view succeeds the other, until we alight at the Villa.

On the left is the blue Mediterranean, on the right we pass the most gorgeous gardens, which seem to be suspended in the air, making one think of the "hanging gardens of Babylon." We have abundant opportunities to admire the frescoes that adorn the outer walls of the houses, if there is any thing to admire about this style of decoration. Oleanders, from the palest pink to dark crimson, grow luxuriantly here, and are as common as the maple is at home. We have entrancing views of the sea all the way out, and the whole visit can be likened to nothing but a beautiful fairy tale.

Cousin Lou and I have adopted the fashion of the country, viz., wearing lace veils instead of bonnets, and find it a sensible custom.

We reach the Villa, which is the property of the Marquis of Pallavicini, at three o'clock. Leaving

our carriage at the gate we walk through a long avenue of tropical growth ; orange and lemon trees laden with fruit, also olive and allspice trees. On reaching the palace we enter the garden by means of several flights of marble steps. The grounds surround a mountain, cultivated to the summit, on which stands a miniature castle—a gem within—the walls and floors of mosaic, the tower commanding a magnificent view of Genoa and the bay.

After entering the garden the first object that attracts our notice is a small chapel built of white marble in Gothic design. Not far beyond is a grand arch, modeled after the Arch of Constantine at Rome. We wind our way along, and unexpectedly find ourselves by a lovely cascade, and directly above it is erected a summer-house with thatched roof, furnished with rustic tables and chairs. Here we pause to rest, refreshing ourselves with a glass of sparkling water, and then continue our walk. All the way up, we are meeting with constant surprises. Here we see an Egyptian kiosk—a little further on a beautiful fountain, the basin surrounded by ferns and flowers. A short turn, and there stands a Turkish mosque.

When we gain the summit the guide, as a reward

for our exertions, presents each lady with a bouquet. The descent is by a different route.

After winding along down a short distance we come abruptly to a halt, facing an entrance cut into the solid rock, the door of which the guide unlocks. We follow him into a cave, and from here are ushered into a stalactite grotto. At short distances there are small openings in the rock overhead, admitting a greenish light, which gives a most beautiful effect. Not far from here we reach the shores of a small lake (subterranean), where two exquisite little boats are awaiting us. Each has a gilded swan at the prow, and is encircled by a gilded railing; the seats are cushioned in blue velvet. We embark, and a few minutes' sail brings us into daylight again, where the lake widens into a broader sheet.

Rising in the centre of the lake, seemingly floating on the water, is the "Temple of Diana," built of white marble, containing a statue of that goddess, a little bijou of modern art.

Opposite lies a small island on which is erected another temple. We land here, enter, and register our names. The interior of this building is a marvel of beautiful workmanship. The walls and floors are of mosaic, the windows of stained glass,

and the furniture of dark blue velvet. There is a small library included, and the easy-chairs placed carelessly around give evidence of its occasional habitation. Possibly the prince in hours of *ennui* enjoys a quiet rest in this peaceful retreat.

From another door opposite the entrance we walk into a garden, semicircular in form, a glass house inclosing it, joined to the temple. In the centre is an open space ornamented with a plat in the shape of a round basket, the edges formed of gilded wire to represent willow. From this basket rises a smaller one, and from this second still a third, the spaces around them being filled with strange rare flowers, and the whole surmounted by a spotless statue of Flora. This is called the "Temple of Flora."

An artistic bridge of Chinese design connects the island with the mainland, and from this point to the foot of the mountain is a succession of equally beautiful sights. I can think of nothing to which I can compare it but the spectacular scenes in a theatre, only this is all a reality and tenfold finer.

I omit to describe many things we saw in this enchanting garden, but mention enough to give an idea to the reader of its beauties and charms.

We have been so greatly entertained, we hardly realize that it is six o'clock, and there is no time to spare, as we leave for Pisa at 11.30 P.M., so return to the city as speedily as possible. We are carried away with enthusiasm, and think it impossible for us to see any thing that will surpass this lovely garden ; but the courier says, " Wait until you see Rome, Florence, and Venice !" I must not forget to mention that John the Baptist is supposed to be buried at Genoa.

From the time we finish dinner until eleven o'clock we enjoy a good rest. We work so hard during the day that there is not the slightest trouble in falling asleep whenever we can find the opportunity.

The journey from Turin to Paris, on our return, and from here to Pisa, will be the only night travel by rail we shall have during this three months' trip ; and both seem to be unavoidable, as there is no day express to Rome from here, or from Turin to Paris. The night train to Paris goes directly through, making no unnecessary stops, accomplishing the distance in twenty-two hours.

But this journey to Pisa will ever be a memorable one. We are in the gayest humor possible,

and parted with sleep when we bade adieu to Genoa. The cars are crowded, and for the first time no carriage has been reserved for us.

The occupants of the compartment are the two Misses C——, of Boston ; Mr. B——, of Pennsylvania ; Mr. J. A. Bachelor, from the White Mountains, whom we have christened “ Bard of the North,” calling him “ Bard” for brevity. Although he never wrote a line of poetry in his life the name fits him admirably. Besides Cousin Lou and myself, are two strange gentlemen.

Every one knows how annoying it is, when you are trying to forget the discomfort of travelling and lose your consciousness for a few moments, to hear, just as you are falling asleep, a constant chatter, chatter, chatter. Our friend “ Bard” seemed possessed by the genius of mirth, and was so irresistibly amusing that we could not restrain our laughter. Every sally was received with a burst of merriment that ought to have been contagious, but our two strange fellow-travellers could not appreciate the sport, and signified their disapprobation in such an unmistakable manner that we implored “ Bard” to desist, but all to no purpose. There was no suppressing him, and thinking perhaps he

would subside if we did not laugh, we kept still for a little while, but it was useless. At last he proposed of his own accord "to have silence, and precious little of that !" and so peace reigned until we reached Pisa at eight A.M. We were detained by some accident, and should have arrived here at five.

SATURDAY, August 3.

As a matter of course we are overcome with fatigue, but this is the only instance during the journey when we have felt too tired for enjoyment.

We breakfasted at the Hotel de Londres, proceeded directly after to the Leaning Tower, Duomo, Baptistery, and Campo Santo, and devote our time to this quarter. The history of these buildings is familiar to most readers. The deflection of the Tower from the perpendicular being twelve feet in a height of one hundred and forty-two feet, impresses one much more forcibly in the reality than in any picture, and the danger of its fall seems so imminent that one instinctively avoids the dangerous side.

At eleven o'clock we return to the hotel, and at twelve o'clock are on the way to Rome.

There is a decided change in the landscape. All

the glorious Alpine scenery is far behind us, and the country looks barren and uninteresting. We try to be merry, but the effort proves a failure, and we are in a very subdued state of mind until evening, when, as we approach the great city, our spirits revive. At ten o'clock we are within the walls, a few moments' ride bringing us to the depot. A young aspirant for knowledge, hailing from "down South," who has followed in the wake of our party, very anxious to make one of our number, and being discomfited at his want of success, vents his spite by facetiously remarking loud enough for us to hear, "Half an hour for the Alps, twenty minutes for Rome!" But he makes not the slightest impression.

HOTEL D'ALLEMAGNE, August 4.

It almost takes our breath away to think we are in this wonderful city! We are pleasantly situated on the Via Condotti, very near the Piazza di Spagna. At nine o'clock we take a carriage, cross the bridge of St. Angelo, passing the Castle, and not far away enter the great square in front of St. Peter's, where we alight. As we have to-day without the services of Mr. Shakespere Wood (who has been

secured to show us the sights), we thought best to spend it here.

I will not attempt to add to the numberless descriptions of St. Peter's. No poor words of mine can convey any idea of its grandeur and magnificence, or express the sense of littleness which overwhelms one in its presence. All the pictures adorning its walls, with the exception of one, are mosaics. It required four men fifteen years to put together the "Baptism of John," at a cost of sixty thousand dollars, and this is only *one* picture.

We wander about lost in admiration of the beautiful statuary and colossal proportions of the building, when suddenly we hear the sweetest music echoing through the vast space, and drawing nearer find that mass is being held in one of the side chapels. We enter, and listen to such melody as we have never heard from human lips before. Cousin Lou whispers, "There is certainly a history to that voice! It is beyond any thing I have ever listened to!" And afterwards we learned that this wonderful voice belongs to none other than Frère Giovanni, who has recently created such a furor in the musical world. The Pope has many fears that this monk will be induced to forsake his order, and adopt the operatic stage as a profession.

The last notes of this exquisite harmony die away ; still we remain seated, almost fearing to move, lest we break the spell, until an aged monk reminds us that the service is finished, and invites us to inspect the Sacristy, consisting of three chapels. Adjoining is the Treasury, containing a wonderful old candelabra by Benvenuto Cellini, and the robe worn by Charlemagne at his coronation. Here, also, the jewels are kept.

As the evening shadows are gathering we drive to the Villa Borghese, through the Piazza del Popolo, outside the walls. Although the weather is now cool, the heat here must have been scorching, for the turf and foliage are so burned and brown that the beauty of the scenery is greatly marred.

All the way out and back to the city we pass crowds of people, some riding in elegant equipages, others on foot. This drive seems to be the fashionable resort. After entering the gate we ride through the Via di Ripetti, passing the house where dear mother had apartments during her winter in this city. We look lovingly towards it, and wish we might see her dear face at the window.

From here we go directly to the Coliseum and Forum, passing many places of interest on the

route, which I will mention to give some idea of how much can be seen in one day. Churches of St. Augustine and St. Agnese, the Pantheon, several obelisks, Palace of the Cenci, La Place Campidoglio, Piazza di Gesu, Church d' Ara Coeli, Capitoline Hill, statue in bronze of Marcus Aurelius, Villa of Romulus, Basilica Amelia, Arches of Septimus Severus, Titus, and Constantine, Forum of Nerva, Temples of Peace and Pallas, Columns of Trajan and Antoninus Pius, and the Doria Palace.

At nine o'clock we attend a concert in the Piazza Colonna, which surrounds the Antonine Column.

I shall never forget this evening, the whole scene made an ineffaceable impression. The brilliant cafés surrounding the square, where beautiful Roman ladies, well dressed gentlemen, and foreigners from every clime are refreshing themselves with the delicacies of the season—this wonderful column towering up in the midst, the base illuminated with many gas-jets, and the enchanting music !

I never heard the overture to *Fidelio* rendered with such wonderful expression as by that Roman orchestra. We remain here an hour, and return to the hotel through the Corso.

“ I do love these ancient ruins,
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverent history.”

MONDAY, August 5.

We awake this pleasant morning full of energy and anticipation of all we are to enjoy to-day.

At half-past eight promptly we leave the hotel, attended by Mr. Wood (who, by the way, is a gentleman and a scholar), and drive at once to the Coliseum.

After alighting, we are taken to a shady spot where Mr. Wood has a short personal chat with us before commencing the duties of the day. He very happily alludes to the fears we entertained of the fever and climate before coming to Rome, and understands that some of us have the ambition to “ ‘shuffle off this mortal coil,’ and in years hence to be exhumed as ancient Romans.” He assures us that there is not the slightest danger of any ill effects from this visit, providing we keep indoors during the extreme heat of the day. He does not consider it dangerous to go out in the evening. Since the reign of Victor Emanuel, Rome is another city. He insists that it is as healthy here as in any place, in proof of which he invites us (if we wish to

satisfy ourselves) to see his family, who were born and have always lived here, and have never known a day's illness, although they remain in the city the year around.

We then enter the interior of the great amphitheatre, and are spellbound at the immense size of this structure, which seated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and has eighty entrances. Mr. Wood talks concisely and to the point, telling the most interesting facts concerning these places. He describes the surroundings, including the grand Arch of Constantine, which is very near. I am constantly wondering what could Rome have been in the days of her pomp and glory, when I see the magnitude and magnificence of her ruins !

After an hour has slipped away so rapidly it hardly seems like fifteen minutes, we resume our carriages, and cross an ancient bridge over the Tiber.

We return to the house of Rienzi, said to have been occupied by that glorious old Roman tribune, then to the Temple of Fortune. After a detention here of a few moments we go to the Church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, where stands that grand masterpiece, Michael Angelo's "Moses," that forms the central figure of the memorial monument to

Julius II., whose body lies in a humble tomb in St. Peter's. This statue is considered one of the most marvelous creations ever hewn from a block of stone. Its aspect is so majestic that it would not surprise you to see him rise from his seat and proclaim the law, as he did to the children of Israel.

Near this church is a house which is reputed to have been that of Lucretia Borgia.

From here we attend the funeral of Cardinal Franchi, at one of the grand cathedrals; but it is so crowded and the air so stifling that we only remain a short time—but long enough to give us some idea of what these ceremonies are like.

At the Corsini Gallery we pass a most interesting hour and a half. We find here Guido's "Ecce Homo," a wonderful work; the celebrated Madonna of Carlo Dolci; "Virgin and Child," by Murillo.

On our way home to lunch we stop at the Pantheon. This edifice was erected in A.D. 207, and the dome by which it is lighted is a model for all the domes in the world. The opening in the top measures twenty-eight feet across, and is never closed, rain or shine. The walls, floors, and altars are of different-colored marbles. Marble, marble

everywhere ! Raphael is buried here, and here, too, Victor Emanuel was laid to rest.

After a repose of three hours we make our first visit to a Franciscan monastery, the basement of which is used for a burial-place. It is divided in rooms, each decorated with skulls and bones in different designs—niches made of skulls, in which stand whole skeletons arrayed in garbs of the order. The walls are ornamented with the form of flowers and vines composed of the small joints, and hanging-baskets of the same are suspended from the arches. On the whole, I cannot say this visit was either cheerful or invigorating, but it had the quality of novelty,

Next in order we go to the Arch of Titus, thence to the Basilica of Constantine. From here we have a view of the three arches—Constantine, Titus, and Septimus Severus—and in my mind's eye I see the emperors of ancient Rome, with their gorgeous cavalcades and triumphal processions, marching through these grand old portals.

But to thoroughly appreciate how superbly these old heroes must have lived, one needs to see the Palace of the Cæsars. This structure formerly covered sixty-two and a half acres of ground, and was

built nearly two thousand years ago. We find here specimens of brick and stucco-work that have defied time and decay, and frescoes that are as fresh in coloring as if painted yesterday. Excavations are constantly being made, and within the past six weeks a statue of Ceres has been found, which is said to excel those in the Vatican, supposed to be copies. The carved drapery of muslin is wonderful.

The moon has already risen, and on our way home we pass the Fountain Trevi, lighted by its beams.

TUESDAY, August 6.

We start out at 8.15 this morning, going directly to the Vatican, and remain there until one o'clock. We pass from the Sistine Chapel into the Stanze of Raphael, consisting of three rooms ornamented in fresco by this great artist.

Opposite the window in the first apartment is the picture of the great fire in the neighborhood of the Vatican in the year 847, said to have been miraculously arrested by Pope Leo IV., who is represented standing on the balcony, making the sign of the cross, forbidding the flames to advance.

On another wall is the coronation of Charlemagne,

the faces of the Pope and Emperor being those of Leo X. and Francis I. of France.

In the second room the philosophers and men of learning are represented as assembled together in the "School of Athens."

From the third room we pass into the Loggia, the walls covered with arabesques of fruit and flowers ; thence to the picture galleries.

"The Transfiguration" is Raphael's masterpiece. It was his last work, left unfinished at his death. It is said to be the finest painting in existence, Dominichino's "Communion of St. Jerome" being only second in merit to it.

We deeply lament our inability to obtain entrance to the Bibliothèque, so console ourselves with a visit to the marble rooms.

I have no time to comment on anything but that glorious statue of Cæsar Augustus, which claimed our attention for many minutes, and the superb chariot and horses of marble in the Hall of the Biga.

In the cabinet first removed from the courtyard is the celebrated group of "Laocoön," and in the second the famous "Apollo Belvedere." In the veranda are the colossal bath-tubs of alabaster, and different marbles from the Baths of Caracalla. One

might come here every day for months, and then not see all that is worth seeing. A short visit is very unsatisfactory ; still, it is better than not coming at all.

We rested until four o'clock, and were soon on our way to St. Paul's, outside the walls, stopping en route at the Temple of Vesta. This church, formerly the Basilica, under whose altar lie the remains of St. Paul, has been rebuilt since being burned in 1823. Its exterior is plain and unpretending, but the interior decorations surpass even those of St. Peter's. The walls are paneled with the rarest marbles to be found in the world, and the floors paved with the same, as highly polished as a mirror. Here are Oriental alabaster pillars, sent by the Viceroy of Egypt ; lapis lazuli and malachite from the Emperor of Russia.

The two steps by which we ascend to the apse are of red Oriental granite. We saw no marble of this color elsewhere in Europe.

Two mosaics, "The Coronation of the Virgin" and the "Conversion of St. Paul," are especially worthy of notice.

The harmony of color in the arrangement of these gorgeous marbles—blue, red, white, green, black,

yellow, and purple—is the very perfection of modern art, and the whole effect can only be likened to a precious jewel.

On our return to the city we pass a little chapel erected on the spot where Sts. Paul and Peter parted on their way to martyrdom. We make a short stop at a pagan burial-place, where the remains of the departed have been cremated and placed in urns.

We devote the remainder of the afternoon to the Forum, Arch of Septimus Severus, and the Temples of Castor and Pollux. At the Forum, Mr. Wood, to give some idea of the color of the marble where it was in good condition, threw water over it, and in a moment the surface was transformed, the columns and floors assuming the most beautiful hues. Mr. Wood gives delightful descriptions, and after he has concluded we feel at liberty to ask him anything we wish to know. He is a gentleman of rare culture, the special correspondent of the *London Times*, and we hear he is a sculptor of merit.

Only one more day in Rome !

WEDNESDAY, August 7.

Last night we retired early, and obtained a refreshing rest, and, strange as it may seem, we do not even now have any feeling of fatigue.

This morning we visited the following places : The Forums of Augustus, Trajan, and Nerva, and the Mamertine Prison. This is the most ancient edifice in Rome, and its history is the best verified. It stands in the corner of the Forum, and consists of two chambers, one beneath the other. In the lower is a circular opening through which criminals were thrown and left to die of cold and starvation. Among those who suffered death here were Jugurtha, and Simon Bar Gionas, the defender of Jerusalem. Sts. Peter and Paul are said to have been confined in the lower chamber, being bound to a column, inclosed in an iron grating, and here they baptized the jailers and forty-seven others, miraculously creating for the purpose the well in the floor.

Our next point is the church of Ste. Maria Maggiore, the first church dedicated to the Virgin Mary in Rome. We are expected to believe that the manger in which our Saviour lay is preserved here.

From here we drive through the Via Merulana to the Church of St. John Lateran, the Pope's church, the mother and head of all the Catholic churches in the world. In front of the church is the largest and oldest obelisk in the world, brought to Rome by the

Emperor Constantine. The church is very plain within, in comparison with St. Peter's, and St. Paul's outside the walls, but still rich in beautiful statuary, mosaics, and marbles.

We notice here a grand porphyry sarcophagus of Clement XII. It stands in the Corsini Chapel. Underneath is the mortuary chapel, reached by a winding staircase, which enshrines that exquisite statue of the "Blessed Virgin holding the dead Christ."

We linger here for a while, and then walk a short distance to the Palace of St. John Lateran, the ancient Palace of the Popes, which contains the marble staircase brought from Pontius Pilate's house. These steps are protected by boards. No person is allowed to ascend them except on his hands and knees. At the foot of the staircase are statues of our Saviour and of Judas. There is not time to visit the sculpture galleries, much to our disappointment.

We finish the morning at the Church of St. Clement. Excavations have been made under this church, disclosing two apartments, one above the

other. The upper one is supposed to have been the ancient Church of St. Clement, and the lower one his dwelling.

The pleasures of this glorious time in Rome culminated in the events and sights of this afternoon. At four o'clock we recommence our sight-seeing, going first to the Baths of Caracalla.

These ruins afford us an idea of the luxury to which the Romans had attained at this time, 216 A.D. It is scarcely inferior in interest to the Coliseum, or the Palace of the Cæsars. The edifice containing the baths measured seven hundred and fifty feet in length by five hundred feet in width, and was surrounded on three sides by gardens ornamented with statues and fountains. The inner rooms enclosed the baths; the outer rooms were divided into libraries, lecture-rooms, etc., and there was also an apartment where poets and authors could for the first time read their latest works in public. Broken pillars, fragments of carved marble bases, and specimens of serpentine mosaic floors are still found in several of the rooms. The magnificent bath-tubs of porphyry and alabaster have been removed to the museum of the Vatican.

Our next stop is at the Catacombs of St. Sebas-

tian ; and, donning rubbers and cloaks, with lighted candles we investigate this ancient burial-place. Our experience in these gloomy underground passages will never be forgotten. Three of us became separated from the rest, and "Bard," not wishing to lose an opportunity for a sensation, attempted to blow out the lights. A shriek loud enough to wake the "seven sleepers" recalled the party to the rescue, and brought down a storm of reproaches on the head of J. A. B.

We conclude this day of days with a five-mile ride on the Appian Way, passing the tomb of "Cecilia Matella." At the end of the drive, before returning to the city, we alight and ascend a high mound to obtain a look at the surrounding country. Far beyond us still stretched the Appian Way. The last rays of the setting sun fell on the ruins of the ancient tombs and aqueducts, lighting up the distant view of Rome. It was a vision of grandeur and beauty, but we had little time to indulge in our emotions.

We being Americans, and speech-making being a necessity of our nationality, Mr. W., in behalf of our party, in a neat and appropriate address tendered to Mr. Wood our appreciation and thanks for his cour-

teous attention ; to which he responded in a cordial and hearty manner. We return to the city by the light of the full moon, and after dinner walk to the Fountain Trevi, singing as we go, and drink of the water, of which the legend says, "He who drinks will come again."

THURSDAY, August 8.

We leave the Eternal City unsatisfied (but the Fates are inexorable, and oblige us to shake the sacred dust from our feet), and set out for Florence, or Firenze, as it is called in Italian—the "City of Flowers." Still, we ought to be in a measure satisfied with our sightseeing, as we have accomplished it in four days.

Nearing the town, we notice that the country and vegetation improve, while the buildings look more modern.

We arrived here at seven o'clock this evening, and on our return from dinner to the main hall meet a number of friends, who came over with us in the ship, whom we last saw at Lucerne. There is a mutual rejoicing, and as they leave early in the morning, we arrange to pass the evening together.

They exhibit their purchases of jewels, mosaics, and pictures, which are very fine, and are duly admired, and then a promenade through the city is proposed.

It is now nine o'clock. The night is most enticing, and we cannot resist, although we feel the need of rest after our long day's journey. The air is beautifully soft, and the moon shines bright and full. We walk along the Arno until we reach the square where stands the Ducal Palace and the Loggia dei Lanzi. We admire the statuary in the latter building, and the fountain in the centre of the square.

We are easily persuaded to adjourn to a café, where over our ices and coffee we review the summer travel, and relate our various experiences. A band is playing in the piazza as we come out into the moonlight, and, marching home together, we keep step to its music.

FRIDAY, August 9.

This morning we leave the hotel at nine o'clock, going at once to the Cathedral, taking a hasty view of the Campanile and Baptistery. The buildings outwardly are fine, being composed of inlaid marbles, but we are too hurried to observe them close-

ly, and are uneasy to be off to the art galleries, as the time is all too short. It is remarkable how fine the weather continues, when we expected to encounter such heat in Italy.

We had fixed on certain pictures which we most desired to see, and singled them out from the multitude, as time would not permit us to examine all. After a brief stay at the Palazzo Vecchio we go to the Uffizi Gallery, remaining here two hours, which time is thoroughly enjoyed looking at the glorious pictures of the old masters and the charming portrait of Madame Le Brun, painted by herself. I will mention also a painting of "Flora," by Del Piombo, and "Catherine Conaro, Queen of Cyprus," by Schiavone, which are of the Venetian school (first saloon).

Through several long passages, the walls draped with such wonderful tapestries as we have never seen before, we pass to the Pitti Palace. The pictures here are very beautiful, and it is exasperating, when we realize how much there is to see, to feel that we have so little time to devote to these grand masterpieces.

Among them are Titian's "Flora" and "Magdalena ;" "Madonna," by Corregio ; Michael An-

gelo's "Three Fates;" "The Holy Family," Leonardo da Vinci; "Adam and Eve," Raphael; a water-color by Benvenuto Cellini; a statue of Venus by Canova; and such magnificent tables of jasper, malachite, and alabaster, inlaid with marbles of every shade and hue, choice enough for gems!

Our brains are in a frightful state of confusion. Just imagine yourself going to the Centennial every day, with a complete change daily, and you will have a faint conception of what meets you in these foreign galleries and museums.

On our return to the hotel we stop at a sculptor's studio—something we were unable to do in Rome—and see many exquisite pieces of statuary in alabaster and marble, then hasten home.

After partaking of an appetizing repast, most daintily served, we retire for rest until evening, but are not allowed the privilege. We no sooner reach our apartment, doff our garments, and prepare for a nap, then there is a knock at the door, and the indefatigable Miss C. enters, wishing to know if we are going to waste the precious days of our youth, when there will be plenty of time to sleep after we get home.

We are thoroughly awake by this time; so with-

out further delay, dress and drive to St. Croce. The tomb of Michael Angelo, and monuments erected to Dante, Alfieri, and Machiavelli, are within the church. On the way to San Lorenzo we pass the house where Michael Angelo lived, and the one in which Galileo died. On arriving at San Lorenzo we are too late to be admitted to the new sacristy, which contains some wonderful specimens of Michael Angelo's work. It is now five o'clock, and we have an hour before supper for rest, which we improve.

At 6.45 our carriages are announced. A large crowd of spectators has gathered around, and cheer us as we cross the bridge. We wind our way up to the summit of the hill on which stand the fortifications of Michael Angelo, which command a charming view. The sun is just disappearing over the Appenines, and the mountains are gorgeous with their rich coloring of purple. The beautiful city lying in the valley, the Arno coursing its way through the centre, spanned by its many bridges, and the sky crimson and gold—a real Italian sunset, such as you read about—make up a scene more easily imagined than described.

All the way out we pass fine residences surround-

ed by handsome grounds, the Boboli Gardens, and in the distance the castle from whose tower Galileo made seven important discoveries.

After leaving the fort, we drive to the Piazzala Michaelangelo, where we again alight and enjoy another superb view. The sun having set, the whole coloring of the sky is changed. In the center of this square is erected the statue of "David" (M. Angelo).

We return to town by a different route, driving along the Arno almost the entire length of the city ; then through a lovely park, and as we roll along over the smooth pavement, under the shadow of the trees, the moon peeping through the branches, we sing merrily, and wonder if it is possible for us ever to be more happy or free from care ! Passing into the piazza, we perceive an immense crowd in front of the hotel, and no sooner enter the parlor than we hear a most harmonious chorus of voices. It is the peasantry outside, who, wishing to earn something extra, adopt this method. They sing several times, and we encourage them by passing small bits of money at intervals through the blinds. The music is superior to any operatic chorus we have ever heard ; and as I think of that evening, the crowd

outside the window surrounding a marble statue on a lofty pedestal in the centre of the square, the bridge across the river, the moon shining clear and bright, it makes a charming picture pleasant to remember.

“There is a glorious City in the Sea.

The sea is in the road, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates.”

ROGERS.

VENICE, Saturday, August 10.

We left Florence at nine o'clock this morning, by the celebrated Apennine Railway, passing through Bologna, reaching here at 5.30 P.M. We are confronted on emerging from the depot by a gondola marked “omnibus.” We are altogether too “high-toned” to ride in an ordinary conveyance, so select one that is nicely cushioned and carpeted, and soon are floating down the Grand Canal, then into a narrower channel, and finally arrive at the “Grande Albergo Vittoria,” where we are to be entertained during our three days' stay in this wonderful “City of the Sea.”

It is a mystery how the gondoliers manage to pass each other without harm. They seem in imminent danger of collision, and barely avoid it by a hair's breadth, the escape being due to the skilful management of the boatmen.

To our great disgust we have been apportioned a room in the fifth story, so make ourselves known to the proprietor in such a forcible manner that our quarters are changed to the second floor, and we are happy.

At nine o'clock we embark for another ride, taking the gondola from the steps of the hotel. The air is soft and balmy, the bright moonlight adding its charms. As we enter the Grand Canal, a barge containing twenty men follows us, singing the most enchanting choruses. As we glide so lazily over the water, drinking in this beautiful music, we almost lose ourselves in dreams, so soothing is the effect, but are soon roused to the fact that these people expect something in the way of pay for this entertainment, and we liberally respond.

We pass under the "Bridge of Sighs," the Rialto, and by the Palazzo Foscari, landing at St. Mark's Square. Our notice is at once attracted to the two high columns of granite, one bearing the famous

lion of St. Mark, the other the statue of St. Theodore. The Piazza is brilliantly lighted, and crowds of people are walking to and fro ; while at the cafés, which surround three sides of the square, the scene is dazzling. From here we walk to the hotel, only a short distance beyond.

SUNDAY, August 11.

When Lou and I reach the *salle-à-manger* this morning, the remainder of the party have already set out. Morpheus did not release us from his grasp until ten o'clock, and as no programme had been arranged for the forenoon, we concluded to take advantage of this and enjoy a thorough rest. We leisurely take our breakfast, and afterwards pay a visit to St. Mark's Cathedral.

This is a wonderful old church, built in the Byzantine style, and was commenced in the tenth century. It is noted chiefly for its antiquity, although we are almost sceptical as to the fact that the alabaster columns which support the altar are the veritable ones that were in Solomon's Temple. When they showed us the block of stone upon which John the Baptist suffered death, which is in the wall of a side chapel, and the original tablets of stone that

God presented to Moses, we shocked our guide with our evident amusement and incredulity. We presume Noah's ark is lying around somewhere, but did not wait to ascertain, having been astonished enough for one day.

The sacristy contains some fine mosaics.

St. Mark is said to be buried here. They seem to have a fashion of dividing the saints in sections, sending parts to different churches. When we find the *entire* remains of a saint in *one* place, it is a cheerful thing to contemplate.

This is a great day for Venice, for it is the first visit of Humbert as king, and of the Queen of Italy, to this city. Venice had been under the reign of the Doges until Napoleon I. displaced the last one. Since then she has been under the government of Austria, until yielded to Italy under King Victor Emanuel.

The event is to be celebrated this afternoon by a grand regatta in honor of the occasion. It seems we are always just in time for the grandest spectacles.

At 4.30 P.M. we take our seats on the balcony secured for us, situated near the Rialto, overlooking the Grand Canal, from which we witness the boat-race.

As far as the eye can reach, the bridges and balconies are crowded with elegantly dressed people. The balconies are draped in colored silks and satins, and flags of all nations are flying in every direction.

The gondolas are always black excepting on gala-days, and to-day they are gorgeous in their holiday attire. Both sides of the Grand Canal are lined with gondolas struggling to maintain their places, but all in good order. Amid the boom of cannons and the ringing of bells the approach of the royal guests is heralded by a band of music, and we are all on the *qui vive* to catch the first glimpse.

Several gondolas pass by gayly decorated with colored silks and gilt and silver trimmings, containing ministers of state and noble personages ; but our interest is concentrated on King Humbert and his lovely wife, and we anxiously await their coming. At last we are rewarded for our patience. "Le Roi vient !" The barge conveying the royal pair is an old gondola of the Doges, and only used on state occasions. It is about forty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and rowed with sixteen oars. It is elaborately decorated in scarlet and gold. At the prow a golden dragon shows his teeth, and from the stern depends a broad trail of scarlet velvet, edged

with a fringe of gold, which floats upon the water. The canopy resembles a huge gauze butterfly, and I cannot exactly determine what it is made of. Underneath sits the queen, very pretty and striking in appearance. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, a bewitching smile, and is regarded with the utmost affection and esteem by the Italians. She is attired in a cream-colored satin, and is almost enveloped in a white lace shawl of gossamer texture, fastened to her hair by diamond pins. In her hand she carries a dainty parasol. We are quite near enough to notice the small items of dress.

The king, arrayed in full uniform, with numerous military decorations, holding his white-plumed hat, stands beside her, both graciously acknowledging the salutes of the populace as they pass along. He is rather under-sized, not stout, dark skinned, heavy eyebrows, and moustache. His countenance is expressive, and we think we detect an anxious look in his face, as if the cares of a kingdom sat heavily upon him. His bearing is noble, and he has quite the air of royalty. The gentlemen who attend him, including ex-King Amadeus, are in full uniform. The gondoliers are fantastically dressed, and their attitudes and the harmony with which they manipulate their oars are very graceful.

As this glorious pageant moves along to the sound of martial music, amid the waving of banners and the shouts of the people, we feel more than ever that the thrilling stories of the Arabian Nights are not so far out of the way after all.

Dinner concluded, our dear boy Fred (a youth of seventeen, whom we have adopted as a cousin for the time being), and I walk into St. Mark's Square to buy some letter-paper bearing the picture of a gondola, which we have seen at a cigar store (queer place to get letter-paper !), and there again encounter a large crowd. The band is playing, the piazza is a blaze of light, and the cafés are thronged with people richly attired.

As we gaze, a shout arises, and we turn to be refreshed with another look at the royal couple. The king and queen stand upon the balcony of the palace and respond to the enthusiastic cheers of the multitude below.

I am unable to determine how we can ever descend to the ordinary affairs of life again after this experience. Fred says, with youthful enthusiasm, he shall not consent to return home unless the East River Bridge and Battery are illuminated, and the Seventh Regiment turns out in full force and

sends off Roman candles, from the South Ferry to Central Park.

How odd it seems not to hear the sound of wheels and horses ! We understand that three horses are kept at the public gardens as a show, the admission to see them being fifteen centimes.

On returning home, as it is still early in the evening, Fred, Lou, and I adjourn to the reading-room, where we remain until eleven o'clock, writing letters. In the salon adjoining, Miss S. is playing most delightfully on the piano that exquisite melody of Gounod's, "*Au Printemps*," while the other members of the party are reading.

MONDAY, August 12.

We are beginning to feel quite at home here, and hail a gondola with as much *sang-froid* as if we had always been accustomed to riding in one.

By some unlucky chance, cousin Lou and I are left behind this morning, and are obliged to make the best of a bad matter, so start out on our own responsibility.

We make the ascent of the Campanile, 322 feet high, which stands in St. Mark's Square.

After seeing the doves fed, an event which occurs

three times a day, we go to the Palace of the Doges, over the Bridge of Sighs, and visit the Prisons of the Inquisition. Returning to the Square, we unexpectedly encounter one of our companions, who, having seen enough for one forenoon, is going home, and learn from him that our friends are at the art gallery. We summon a gondola, stopping at the Church of Santa Maria della Salute on our way to the Academie. The little time we have to spend here we devote to Titian's "Assumption," and the wonderful pictures of Paul Veronese. Most of the paintings are of the Venetian school. For variety we walk home, and stop a few moments at a mosaic manufactory, which is very interesting.

In the afternoon we visit the Arsenal, which has a gateway of very curious workmanship. In front are four Greek lions, brought from the Piræus in 1687. The museum contains old arms and armor, instruments of torture, models of ancient gondolas, ships of war, and much more of interest.

After dinner we take a gondola, or a gondola takes us, to the front of the Municipal Palace, where a grand concert is going on. The balconies are illuminated with colored lights, the king and queen are out in gorgeous array, and the canal is

packed with moving craft. The concert is on the water, and the voices are magnificent.

This is the most novel and delightful of any thing we have met with over here. We have a lovely sail afterwards by moonlight, and return home at eleven o'clock.

TUESDAY, August 13.

At nine o'clock this morning we have left Venice far behind us, crossing the longest bridge in the world in gaining the mainland. This bridge is over two miles in length, consisting of extended embankments and 222 arches.

At noon we are at Verona, where we make a stop of five hours, dining at the Hotel de Londres. After an hour's rest carriages are announced, and we drive to the Amphitheatre. This is in a much better state of preservation than the Coliseum, but does not compare with it in grandeur. A great part of the exterior arcade was thrown down by an earthquake in 1184, but the interior remains in such perfection that the great shows of two thousand years ago might take place there to-day. Its dimensions are 513 feet by 410 feet outside, and 248 feet by 147 feet inside. There are forty-five ranges of

seats, estimated to accommodate at least 22,000 spectators. We next go to an old Franciscan monastery and pay our respects to the tomb of Juliet, the heroine of Shakespeare's play.

From here we drive a long way, outside the walls, to an ancient church of the seventh century, but unless they can show me something dating as far back as the time of Adam, I shall remain seated in the carriage and allow the others to do the looking.

Returning to the city, we stop for a few moments at the "Tombs of the Scaligers," five in number, built of white marble in Gothic design.

At five o'clock we leave for Milan. All along the route the scenery is charming. We pass many lovely lakes gleaming in the sunset.

MILAN, WEDNESDAY, August 14.

We arrived here at eleven o'clock last night, and did not awaken until eight this morning. Breakfasted at nine, and then started out with a guide for the Cathedral.

The architecture of this edifice is a masterpiece of exquisite workmanship. It is Gothic in design, the delicacy of the carving and ornamentation giving it

the appearance of lace-work. This cathedral is considered one of the grandest and most beautiful in Europe. There are 4500 statues adorning the exterior, all double life-size. The stained-glass windows are remarkably fine. A candelabra of the thirteenth century is a specimen of antiquity that should not be overlooked.

The view of the Alps from the spire more than compensates one for the fatigue of climbing the 494 steps. Mont Blanc, Great St. Bernard, and Monte Rosa are distinctly visible, the latter being more conspicuous than the others. Farther distant in the background are the Apennines.

After descending, we pay a few francs for the privilege of visiting the crypt which contains the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, whose skeleton is dressed in ecclesiastical robes and laid in a crystal coffin, bound together with bands of gold. The walls of the apartment (which is octagonal in form) are lined with bas-reliefs in silver.

Our curiosity being gratified, those who had arranged to go to Lake Como hurried to the train, intending to return to Milan by the nine o'clock express.

We who remain, lunch at a café in the Grande

Arcade Victor Emanuel. This structure is built in the form of a Latin cross, with an octagon in the centre, over which rises a cupola 170 feet in height. The decorations and frescoes are elaborate and in fine taste. The gallery is occupied with attractive shops, and the display of jewels and finery arranged in the windows to the best advantage, makes one sigh for the purse of Fortunatus.

After a hasty glimpse, without and within, of La Scala, we drive outside the city some distance to an old building, and there see the wonderful painting of the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci.

Cousin Lou, Mrs. S., and Mr. Bachelor leave us in the morning for a journey over the St. Gotthard Pass, expecting to join us at Paris on Monday.

THURSDAY, August 15.

We left Milan by early morning train, arriving at Turin before noon.

Alas ! it is a fast day, and all the places of interest and shops being closed, there is no admission.

We are obliged to content ourselves with a drive around the city, and retire before dark, in anticipation of the fatiguing trip to-morrow.

FRANCE.

FRANCE.

“I see thee yet, fair France—thou favored land
Of art, and nature—thou art still before me.”

FRIDAY, August 16.

We arose rested and refreshed, looking forward to the long ride before us with composure, and at nine o'clock are off for Paris—gay Paris.

I think we are not quite so enthusiastic as when we started out on this trip. By this time we have seen so much that is grand and beautiful that our ardor is apparently dampened. Although just as appreciative, we look at things with less astonishment and cooler observation.

The weather is all that can be desired—cool and pleasant, the scenery along the route varied and picturesque.

When night comes we arrange ourselves as comfortably as possible ; but it is useless to attempt to sleep, so we try to make the best of inconveni-

ences, and the night slowly wears away till we reach Fontainebleau, and two hours afterwards are in the great metropolis, the very acme of earthly bliss to some people.

It now being eight o'clock, we are obliged to wait half an hour at the depot, as the Custom-House is not open so early. Everybody takes matters easily in this country. There is none of the bustle and energy so observable in our own land.

Thus far we have escaped detention on account of duties, but are a little apprehensive that we may be delayed here. However, the small size of our trunks and our honest faces stand us in good stead, and are accepted by the custom-officers as guarantees of good faith, and we pass without molestation.

Finally we get started, and how familiar the city looks ! We recognize many buildings and monuments from pictures we have seen, and are charmed with the width of the handsome boulevards and the cleanliness of the streets. It seems to us we must have been here before, but to our certain knowledge we have never crossed the great ocean but once.

We pass from the Place de la Concorde into the

rue Royale, and not far from the Church of the Madeline is the hotel where we are to stay for a few days. The proprietor has been advised by telegraph of our coming, and breakfast is ready to be served as soon as we arrive.

Although not a wink of sleep has visited our eyelids since night before last, we do not intend to lose any time. Hunger being appeased, we hasten to call at our banker's in the Boulevard Haussmann, a short walk from the hotel. After replenishing our pocket-books, we hail a fiacre with all the confidence of native Parisians and stop at a jeweller's in the Boulevard des Capucines, where we leave our watches to be repaired. They have been going at such a galloping speed ever since we left home that they have become utterly unreliable, and must be put in order.

Our wardrobes also being in a most dilapidated condition, we order the *cocher* to take us with all possible haste to the Grande Magazine du Louvre, where we dismiss him. There is something delightfully independent going about without a courier, and from this time on we dispense with the services of one. We are not at all overpowered with the grandeur of this establishment, although

there is much to admire. It is not nearly so fine as Stewart's in New York. Among such a brilliant array of costumes it is difficult to make a choice. At last we are suited, and being in no humor for sight-seeing, take a carriage, cross the river, and finish our shopping at the Bon Marché.

We are astounded on inquiring the time of day to learn that it is three o'clock. We adjourn to a café in the neighborhood for chocolate and rolls, and conclude the afternoon with a short drive on the Champs Elysées as far as the Arc de Triomphe. We examine this noble work of art to our hearts' content, and feel that we have taken in all we are capable of digesting in one day.

SUNDAY, August 18.

We have not felt so much at home anywhere as at this cosy little hotel. In fact, we meet so many English-speaking people everywhere it hardly seems that we are so far from home.

It is ten o'clock before we reach the breakfast-room, and we must make haste if we wish to attend mass at the Madeline. At eleven we enter the Cathedral, and finding it crowded, remain only long enough to get a general idea of the edifice.

We pursue our way to the Place de la Concorde, and are much interested in trying to decipher the hieroglyphics on the Obelisk of Luxor and seeing the fountains play.

Then we walk into the gardens of the Tuileries, pay ten centimes for the use of a chair, and watch the gay crowd, meanwhile enjoying the fine view of the Champs Elysées and royal arch on one side, on the other the ruined palace and the Louvre (the injured portion of which is being restored). How lovely are the gardens ! We are beginning to realize what a grand city this is.

From this time until four o'clock we pass at the Louvre. It is useless to attempt to express what a *feast* we enjoyed here. In the Salle Carré are some wonderful works of Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, del Sarto, and others.

In the third department of the Flemish School is a collection of twenty-two allegorical pictures of Rubens, which are most interesting. One cannot find words in which to express his admiration in viewing the lovely "Madonna" of Murillo. This celebrated work is considered the masterpiece of this artist. His "Beggar Boy," also a gem, attracts universal attention. Many in the marble rooms are

copies of what we have already seen in the Vatican, and we devote our time to the famous statue "Venus de Milo."

We shall endeavor, if time permits, to come here another day, so hasten without to rest our eyes and limbs and secure a carriage for a drive on the Bois de Boulogne.

All Paris seems to be out of doors. The streets and squares are crowded. Everybody is in holiday attire and happy. Sunday is the gala day here as elsewhere on the Continent.

We are quite bewildered with our pleasant ride in the famous park, and roll along (forgetful that we have had nothing to eat since breakfast) until nearly six o'clock, when we speedily return home.

MONDAY, August 19.

We fear a stormy day as we push the curtains aside and take a look overhead. The sky is dark and lowering, but we do not expect to have the sunshine always.

We have met a number of acquaintances from home since our arrival here, and have arranged to spend this day together. They are on hand at the

appointed hour, and we set out, armed with umbrellas and gossamers, prepared for emergencies.

Notwithstanding the threatening weather, our turnout is a very fine one. The carriage is new, and the *cocher* is arrayed in a fresh livery, which is doubtless being aired for the first time. We leave the hotel in great style, and make our first stop at the Opera House ; but it is too early to be admitted, so we can only admire the exterior. We continue our drive around the city, passing the Columns Vendôme and July, many celebrated churches, and places of interest too numerous to mention.

A brief halt is made at the Arc de Triomphe to allow those who wish to make the ascent to do so. It is too dark and misty to obtain a good view of the city, so they are not rewarded for their trouble.

Next in order is a visit to the Hotel des Invalides and the tomb of Napoleon. The dome of the church is gilded, and can be seen from any point in Paris.

It is now noontime, and after refreshments at a café in the Palais Royal, we enjoy a charming drive in the "Buttes des Chaumont," a park situated in the heart of the city. It is beautifully laid out, and includes a grotto and cascade, which are well worth looking at.

The remainder of the afternoon is passed at Père La Chaise, where are the tombs of Rachel, President Thiers, Baron Rothschild, Abelard and Heloise, Marshal Ney, La Fontaine, Moliere, Rossini, and Auber. On our return we pass the Place de la Bastille.

On reaching the hotel we are delighted to find Cousin Lou and the "Bard of the North" just returned from Basle, well pleased with their journey over the St. Gotthard, as well as our old friend Mr. McAllister, who arrived an hour ago from London. The day we left America he was among the number who came to see us aboard ship. As he bade us good-by, he said, "Ladies, I shall meet you in Paris!" This we accepted as a joke, but he has kept his word.

After a mutual exchange of inquiries and news, we are informed that seats have been secured for us at the opera. This is an enjoyment we had not promised ourselves, as we had telegraphed from Milan for tickets, without success; but Mr. McAllister has been more fortunate, having one day the advantage of us.

Shortly before eight o'clock such a gorgeous transformation has taken place that we are no longer

recognized as the travel-stained and weary sight-seers of the afternoon. Having been under the skillful manipulations of Madame Julie for the last hour, we are so improved in appearance we hardly know ourselves. Entering the carriage, a lovely bouquet is presented to each of us, and we dash away to the Academie, the maddest, merriest, happiest party in the world.

And now we have an opportunity to admire the interior of this grand building, and, after all, take away with us a very misty recollection of it. The magnificent hall, the music, the singers, the brilliant throng, are in our memories like the passing pageant of a dream.

TUESDAY, August 20.

This morning our good Professor bade us farewell. He must travel rapidly in order to reach Glasgow the 22d, when he sails for home, in company with Anna and Mary, who are to meet him there.

Cousin Lou and Mr. Bachelor, having lost three days in Paris, have much to do to catch up with us, so they go to the Louvre for the day, while Fred

and I, having arranged to visit the Exhibition, take seats in the trainway to carry us there.

This mode of conveyance amuses us, as it is managed on quite a different plan from the horse-cars at home. You cannot stop the cars at will, but are obliged to go to a station where they are in waiting and purchase a ticket before entering; and they start at stated times—every twenty minutes, I should say. We take outside seats, and enjoy this novel and pleasant way of riding through the streets.

The Palace of the Trocadero, situated on the north side of the river, is a gigantic rotunda, built on the summit of the hill. It is flanked with semi-circular galleries, enclosing the park and cascade. From the central pavilion rise two lofty towers, and the view of Paris and the surroundings is said to far surpass that obtained from the Arc de Triomphe. The building contains an immense hall for concerts, etc., with seats to accommodate over five thousand persons. After the Exhibition closes it will be permanently retained for public entertainments, the city having reserved the right to purchase it.

We commence our tour of inspection by ascending the tower, and find the view from here is grand and extensive. The park below looks like a beau-

tiful painting. We have little time to spend here, and hasten across the river to the main building. The grounds and buildings are very artistic, and more finished and grand than those at Philadelphia ; but in some respects our Centennial was superior.

The art galleries have been for us the chief attraction, and to them we devote our time. We are quite disgusted with our own country for its paltry exhibit in this department, as we find few of the works of our best artists. In the Italian section is a painting which is so constantly surrounded by admirers that we are obliged to await our turn before we can obtain a glimpse of it. The subject is, "The Parting of Josephine and Napoleon." One can hardly keep the tears back, the whole expression of the picture is so touching and tender. We return many times to have a last look at it. We lunch at the American Café, so called because not a word of English is spoken there.

We miss the grand Machinery Hall, which was such an attraction at our own exhibition. We pass the whole afternoon amid the statuary and pictures, and after a walk around the grounds, for variety on the way homeward, we enjoy a sail up the Seine.

WEDNESDAY, August 21.

We take a carriage directly after breakfast, visiting the churches of note, including the Madeline, St. Sulpice, de la Trinité, St. Etienne du Mont, St. Augustine, St. Roch, and Notre Dame.

After lunch we pass two hours most delightfully at the Jardin des Plantes. This wonderful garden was founded by Louis XIII., in 1635. It contains a botanical garden, with green and hot houses, zoological and mineral galleries, an amphitheatre, with laboratories, which is used for public gratuitous lectures on Natural History.

In the evening we go to see the "Siege of Paris," a grand panorama.

THURSDAY, August 22.

This morning there is a general breaking up of the party, some leaving for Ireland, others going to the South of France, Cousin Lou, Fred, and myself remaining in Paris.

As "variety is the spice of life," we conclude to try for a few days living in apartments, and have secured rooms at a pleasant *pension* in Rue Caumartin. The proprietor of the hotel expresses much regret at losing us, and with a shrug of the shoul-

ders, a trick we have all acquired to perfection, and which one can translate as he pleases, he receives our adieus with much *mauvaise humeur*, and we drive away, bag and baggage, to our new quarters.

We here part with Mr. McAllister, who is about leaving for Calais. We are indebted to him for much that is pleasant during our short stay here, and take this occasion of making our grateful acknowledgments of it.

Considerable time is occupied in the transfer to our new accommodations. We partake of an early lunch, and are on the way to St. Cloud before noon. We shall miss seeing the fountains play here, as well as at Versailles.

A ramble through the beautiful park and a visit to the Sèvres manufactory consumes the afternoon.

This evening we have our first drive around Paris by gaslight.

FRIDAY, August 23.

The forenoon was passed at the Museum of Antiquities, the Hotel de Chiny, after which we took the train for Rueil, and this to us is the crowning entertainment of our stay here, so much of history and romance is centred in this spot.

We tarry within the little church, in which are erected those beautiful statues to the memory of Josephine and Hortense. Oh, that never-to-be-forgotten walk to Malmaison through the pretty avenue, with stately trees on either side ! Walking through the desolate rooms, we ponder upon the miseries of the unhappy empress, and the heartlessness of the man who to satisfy an unworthy ambition deserted this faithful wife. We wonder when banishment and sickness had overtaken him *if* he regretted. Surely, he received his reward, and missed the triumph he so confidently counted upon. At the time of the siege, the furniture and adornments of this mansion were removed to the palace at Versailles.

It is fast approaching sunset, but we loiter until the last moment, and then regretfully turn our faces towards the little village. In an hour we are seated at the gay dinner-table at Madame de M.'s ; but this visit has saddened us, and we are not so merry as usual.

SATURDAY, August 24.

At an early hour this morning we leave the Mont Parnasse station for Versailles, where we are to pass the entire day.

Within the royal stables are the State carriages and imperial equipages that were used in the great days when France was an empire. They are regal in their trappings, the grandest among them being that built in 1825 for the coronation of Charles X.; it was re-gilt and newly decorated for the use of Napoleon III. in 1853. Here also is the famous sledge of Madame de Maintenon, and a sedan-chair of Marie Antoinette.

Walking through the courtyard and approaching the palace, we wonder at the vastness of the building, and admire the grand statues that are placed at regular distances all the way up to the entrance, and the colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV. at the upper part of the court.

From a visit to the chapel we pass on to the palace, walking through gallery after gallery gorgeously decorated, the walls lined with magnificent paintings, until, perfectly bewildered, we long for time and opportunity to study these noble works of art. We are told if all the pictures in this building were placed in a line, they would reach a distance of nine miles.

We are admitted to the apartments of Marie Antoinette. In one salon stands her harpsichord,

and in honor of the occasion Fred plays an aria from Mozart, and it is quite remarkable that, notwithstanding its age, the tone of the instrument is still harmonious.

After an inspection of the Chamber of Deputies and other apartments in that wing of the palace, we take a long promenade in the royal park, almost forgetting how much yet remains to be seen, and that the day is slipping away.

The fountains play every other Sunday, each display costing the government four thousand francs.

At the extremity of the park is "Le Grand Trianon," a villa built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon. We have loitered so long at the palace, the time we are allowed here is much too brief. As we are walking from the "Petit Trianon" to the little Swiss village where the youthful Marie Antoinette threw aside the cares of state, and played farmer's wife, the rain commences to fall, and we are obliged to retrace our steps.

It is now five o'clock, and the train has already arrived as we reach the station.

SUNDAY, August 25.

This morning we attended church at the English chapel, and it seemed pleasant to hear our own dear

service again, and the familiar airs we could join in singing.

After dinner we visit the Garden of the Luxembourg, and a final drive on the Bois de Boulogne terminates our sight-seeing here, and returning to our *pension*, complete our arrangements for to-morrow's journey, as we leave for London at seven in the morning.

We know how little we have seen, comparatively, but intending to come again, we are willing to leave the rest until that time.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, August 26.

It is a rainy, disagreeable day, and our last look at the gay capital is not regretful. We long to get out of this land of chatterboxes, froth and foam, back to solid old England, where we can revel in our native vernacular, and once more enjoy the privilege of making ourselves understood.

We arrive at Dieppe about noon, the rain by this time pouring in torrents. The cars are crowded to overflowing, and we are packed into the ship that is to convey us over the Channel, like sardines in a box, but are bound to be jolly, notwithstanding these annoyances.

We do not know how we should survive were it not for this cousin of ours, who always looks out for the best places for us. We shall be forever grateful to him for his kind care and attention during this journey.

The air is so disagreeable in the cabin we conclude to remain on deck. Fred secures some tarpaulins, with which he protects us from the rain, and as we sit in a row, each with an umbrella, we are a disconsolate-looking trio, reminding one of the "three black crows."

On the bench opposite sits a young gentleman, an American, doing his utmost to appear like a native-born English lord. He is rather heavily built, with florid complexion, light hair (parted in the middle), and his mutton-chop whiskers are carefully trimmed. He sports a single eye-glass, through which he looks upon poor dripping humanity in the loftiest manner.

A valet holds an umbrella over this youthful scion, and at his feet lies an ugly mastiff, growling at every one who passes.

Something is weighing on the mind of our neighbor, and at last he relieves his overburdened soul by exclaiming, in a loud tone of voice, "See Paris and die !"

Fred, always on the alert, says, "Beg pardon, sir, did you address me ?"

Young America. "*Not* particularly. I merely meant to say that, having seen Paris, I am quite

ready to leave this mundane sphere, and soar to realms of bliss."

Fred. "Have you ever been to Rome, sir?"

Y. A. "I have not had that pleasure."

Fred. "Well, my friend, before giving your family an opportunity to order their mourning, I advise you to take a run down to Italy, and have a peep at the Eternal City. Perhaps after that, you will decide there is still something to be seen in the world."

With an annihilating glance at the speaker, Young America rises, and, followed by his valet and dog, descends to the regions below.

We expect to be seasick here, for everybody makes it a point to be so, when crossing the Channel; but we escape the infliction, and are devoutly thankful. We reach New Haven at sunset, and go through the nuisance of having our baggage examined, and after the detention of an hour are on the way to London.

We have with us in our compartment a pleasant English gentleman from Durham, who seems like an old acquaintance, as he travelled with us from Paris to Dieppe. The hours pass swiftly in pleasant conversation, which is occasionally interrupted by a

song from the whole party. At ten o'clock we reach Victoria Station, and it now seems as if we were nearing home. It is a long ride to the Grand Midland, but we are so rejoiced to be in dear old London again we do not mind the distance.

On reaching the hotel, the porter and clerk remember us, and we meet with a cordial reception. We find a large packet of letters and papers awaiting us, and read them as we partake of a light supper before retiring.

The same room is assigned us that we occupied before, for which we have a genuine attachment, and altogether we are glad to rest our feet once more on English soil.

TUESDAY, August 27.

There is no time for sight-seeing to-day, and every thing is hurly-burly, preparing for the voyage across the water. Our companions who left us in Paris are already here. Those who made purchases in different countries, and had them shipped to their bankers, are looking them up. Our arrangements being completed at noon, there are some odds and ends of shopping to be done, so we go to Cheapside, and pay higher than we would in Regent Street for

what we wish, and in passing St. Paul's cannot resist going in there for a last farewell.

We are quite tired, and sit down to rest. Beside me is an English lady, who addresses me kindly, and very soon we are conversing like old acquaintances. She volunteers much information which is pleasant to hear. Among other things she tells me of the famous clock in the tower of this church. "It is one hundred and sixty-nine years old. The dial-plate measures eighteen feet across. The pendulum is sixteen feet long, and weighs one hundred and eight pounds. It requires three quarters of an hour to wind this clock."

St. Paul's Cathedral, when I was there, had only one heavy bell, which was cast under Sir Christopher Wren's own direction. He also modeled the bell-tower, and it was a great disappointment to him that he could not have seen a chime of bells there during his lifetime; and now, after nearly two centuries have passed away, they have recently hung a peal of bells, twelve in number. "These are a gift of the corporation, aided by a generous donation from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, at a cost of £4500. The great bell, which has hung so long, nicknamed 'Great Tom,' has spoken but very

few times during these many years, as it has only been used to toll a dismal note on the death of one of the royal family, a bishop of London, or a dean dying within his term of office."

From the Farringdon Station we take the underground train, which soon deposits us at King's Cross, only a short distance from the hotel.

Fred and I conclude, at the last moment, to leave by night service for Glasgow, as Cousin Lou has suddenly decided that she cannot return to America without treating herself to a ride in a jaunting car, and has been persuaded by a friend going to Ireland to join her, departing to-night for Dublin, and for the second time we part with each other, she expecting to meet us at Moville.

There are only four occupants in our carriage, including Fred and myself, and we make ourselves comfortable, dozing away the time till we reach Glasgow at seven A.M. Another disagreeable day, dark, cloudy, and showery! The streets are seas of mud, so I conclude to stay within, and this last day in the old country draws to a close.

The following day we go by rail to Greenock, where the ship is waiting. We are greatly surprised on our arrival here to be welcomed by our

old friend Mr. McAllister, who has come all the way from Belfast to see us off, and accompanies us as far as Moville.

At the pier we make merry with a small army of youthful merchants, who use their most persuasive language to induce us to buy their wares; but having been "so long abroad," we have quite forgotten our mother-tongue, and all the satisfaction they receive is, "Je ne comprends pas." The day is terribly gloomy, and we are glad to have anything to laugh at.

We herewith tender to "Bard" our thanks for his unwearying exertions to drive away the blues which this dismal weather encouraged.

At last we leave the shores of Scotland behind us, and at eight o'clock in the morning reach Moville, where we are joined by our friends, who come out in a tug to meet the ship.

HOME.

H O M E .

“ Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell’d fondly turns to thee.”

GOLDSMITH.

FRIDAY, August 30.

WE have been in such a continual state of commotion for the past three months, it hardly seems possible that we are on the long voyage home !

Everybody is in a subdued frame of mind, and there is not so much hilarity as on the trip over. We take the time to think over and digest all the wonderful things we have seen.

The first day out is not unlike other first days at sea. The main business is looking about to see who is aboard, and what they look like. The weather is damp and disagreeable, but it clears at evening, and August 31st dawns bright and pleasant.

It is enchanting to sit on deck and watch the dark blue waves and the sea-gulls as they fly over the water. But at evening the sky is overcast, and there is an ominous wind that bodes no good.

Before midnight the ship is tossing and pitching at such a rate it is with difficulty we keep in our berths. We are rejoiced when morning comes, but the storm has not abated, and, if any thing, is worse than ever. It continues to increase, the passengers not being allowed to go on deck, while those able to be up are obliged to sit on the floor, as it is impossible to stand or walk about. The vessel is so lightly freighted, she dances like an egg-shell on the water.

The captain looks in upon us occasionally, and we anxiously scan his face to read from its expression what *he* thinks in regard to matters, but his looks betray nothing. His countenance is as impenetrable as that of the Sphinx.

Some one asks him "if this is not a pretty violent storm?" He replies, "Nothing of the kind; merely a little blow." If this is all, we wonder what a "stiff breeze" can be like. The screw is out of water all the time, and at every turn, having nothing to resist, makes the most fearful noise, giving the ship such a wrench that you momentarily expect to go to the bottom. After three days of this continued rough weather I have decided the matter in my own mind, notwithstanding the good captain's assurances, I *know* we are experiencing a

severe gale. I privately interview the stewardess, who says she has sailed on the Atlantic a year and a half, and *never* encountered such a storm before, and now I am satisfied.

Finally the clouds break away, and we are all so thankful and happy, glad to get on deck and breathe the fresh air once more. We see the usual amount of whales and porpoises, and this afternoon one young whale turned a complete somersault for our especial benefit.

It is near noon, when I suddenly remember that I have not seen Cousin Lou since early morning. I go in search of her, looking all over the ship, and at last discover her seated with Fred and "Bard" in the dining-room, writing. I inquire as to the subject of their efforts. "Bard," in order to entitle himself to the sobriquet we have conferred upon him, has written a little poem, which he is copying for each of us. It is his first endeavor, and I give it here :

ANCHORIA.

September, 1878.

"The clouds and darkness pass away,
And usher in a brighter day—
A day of joy, a day of gladness,
A day to banish all our sadness,
A day to plan for years to come,

A day to dream of when at home.
A day of song, a day of glee,
Yet haunted by the memory
Of fleeting hours, and partings near.
And ever and anon the fear
That such glad days, when once gone by,
Return no more, howe'er we try
To bring them back.
Then let us banish all dark thought,
For us the future still is fraught
With joyous hope, and purpose high.
On these then let us fix our eye,
And when in years to come we meet,
And heartily each other greet,
Then let us not with sadness say,
The earlier was the better day.
But doing well each daily task,
For its reward let us not ask,
Contented still with doing aught,
To bring to men a happier lot.
May we each find our joys increase,
And all our days be filled with peace.
And when at last the voyage o'er,
We reach the better, happier shore,
May this blest greeting be the one
To each vouchsafed, faithful ! well done !"

There is evident talent here, and we beg "Bard" to cultivate it. We are much gratified and complimented by this effusion, and hope ere long to see his name recorded on the undying roll of fame.

The weather continues pleasant, the days passing so rapidly we can scarcely realize that it is Sunday morning, and that if no mishap befalls us we shall reach New York before sunset.

At ten o'clock we take the pilot aboard, and at one, Manhattan and Brighton Beaches are plainly visible, and at last we arrive at Quarantine.

It is laughable to look about and see how every one is decked out in fine clothes and jewelry in order to escape the vigilance of the custom-officers.

Many friends come out to meet us, and there is such a rejoicing to feel that this great journey has been accomplished in safety, and we are once more within the embraces of those we love, and the sight of home. Our good opinion of our own land has been enhanced by these glimpses of other countries, and we never appreciated its laws and customs as we do now. After all, there is no city in the world that will compare in many respects with New York. At least we know what comfort is, and that is half of life. We reach the pier at five o'clock, but are delayed in the Custom-House two hours, and it is already eight o'clock before we arrive at the door of our domicile, where we are received with open arms.

Cousin Lou remains with me until Tuesday. We sit up until midnight, talking over our travels, and retire, feeling that the pleasures of this trip will be a never-ending feast, and a joy in the retrospect that cannot be taken from us.

“What sittiwation can be wuss
Than not to have nobody to care for us !”

P. BEDOTT.

MONDAY, September 9.

By appointment, our little band met this morning at a photographer's, having been informed that it was the proper thing for us to have our pictures taken as a parting souvenir. After accompanying our dear friend Miss W. to the train, and bidding her farewell, we have just time enough to reach the “Grand Central,” to see our boy Fred depart for his home in Connecticut. How we are to get on without him, is a riddle we have not yet solved, as he has looked out for our welfare so long, he has become indispensable to us. We have formed such an attachment for this young relative that we unwillingly relinquish him to the arms of his mother, who is only too thankful to get her dear son back again.

We wave our handkerchiefs until the cars disappear from view, and as the train moves slowly out of the depot we begin to realize that this glorious holiday is at an end, and we must now descend to the ordinary affairs of life.

We have a lovely evening at Gilmore's Garden, and listening to the enrapturing music of Thomas's Orchestra, agree that we have heard nothing to compare with it on the other side of the water, and are proud of our countrymen.

At last the final day arrives, and old Sol, not to be eclipsed by us in our efforts to be cheerful, pours down his beams with warmth and brightness, and thus dawns Tuesday, September 10th.

Lou and I linger over breakfast longer than usual, there are so many last things to be said, and we wish to make the most of to-day, for at six o'clock I shall lose my dear companion.

As we look back upon our travels, the sights we have seen, the pleasant acquaintances formed, and every detail of the trip, it does not seem that such a journey could have been made under more favorable circumstances. We come back to our homes and duties, refreshed mentally and physically, and are quite certain we shall need no urging to take a similar jaunt the coming summer.

The day slips away like magic, an excursion down town, making calls, and packing up, consuming the time, and finally the hour is at hand.

We are on the verge of tears, but feeling determined to carry out the entire programme, and be jolly to the end, by the time we reach the depot have subdued our feelings so completely that to all appearances we are off for some holiday.

The parting scene would have been a touching subject for the adornment of a fireboard, and it is a lamentable fact, that some of the old masters were not on the spot, to transmit to posterity an event that ought not to have been lost to the world ; but alas ! it is too late, and regrets are useless. Now, having bid a last sad adieu to dear Lou, I will not weary my reader longer with an account which may already have become tiresome, and therefore, with best wishes, say " Good-by."

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